

THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

It has caused not a little amazement throughout the country that in the great year of the war certain members of the Church of England should have forced a controversy on the reservation of the Sacrament. What reason do they give?

The Rev. Darwell STONE, Principal of Pusey House in Oxford, will answer that question. He has written a book for the purpose, and has given it the name of *The Reserved Sacrament* (Scott; 2s. 6d. net). Dr. Darwell STONE is one of the men who demand the reservation.

Now in the history of the Christian Church the reservation of the Sacrament for private worship is a development of comparatively recent origin. There was no such custom in the early Church. The distinguished living Roman Catholic theologian, Father Herbert Thurston, has even made the following statement: 'In all the Christian literature of the first thousand years no one has apparently yet found a single clear and definite statement that any person visited a church in order to pray before the body of Christ which was kept upon the altar.'

There is a single example, occurring as early as the middle of the fourth century, which has to be examined. It is the case of Gorgonia, the sister of St. Gregory. St. Gregory himself tells the story.

It is the story of his sister's recovery from a great illness. He says: 'Despairing of any other help, she betook herself to the Physician of all, and waiting for the dead of night, at a slight intermission of the disease, fell before the altar with faith, and, calling on Him who is honoured thereon with a great cry and with every kind of entreaty, and pleading with Him by all His mighty acts accomplished at any time, for she knew both those of ancient and those of later times, at last ventured on an act of pious and splendid boldness; she imitated the woman the fountain of whose blood was dried up by the hem of Christ's garment. What did she do? Placing her head on the altar with another great cry and with a wealth of tears, like one who of old bedewed the feet of Christ, and declaring that she would not let go until she was made well, she then applied to her whole body this medicine which she had, even such a portion of the antitypes of the honourable body and blood as she treasured in her hand, and mingled with this act her tears. O the wonder of it! She went away at once perceiving that she was healed, with the lightness of health in body and soul and mind, having received that for which she hoped as the reward of hope, and having gained strength of body through her strength of soul. These things indeed are great, but they are true.'

The question turns on the meaning of the

words, 'Him who is honoured thereon.' The Roman Catholic theologian takes these words to be a general reference to the honour paid to our Lord when the Liturgy is celebrated, and the treasuring of the Sacrament by Gorgonia a gathering up of remnants which happened to have been left on the altar from the Celebration of the Liturgy. 'Gorgonia,' he says, 'visited the altar as God's resting place, and then put out her hand in the hope of finding some few crumbs or traces of the sacred species, such as would hardly fail to be left where the Liturgy was frequently celebrated.'

The Anglican theologian thinks otherwise. 'It is always difficult,' he says, 'to be sure of the meaning of an isolated passage; but it is far more probable that Gorgonia went to the altar and took the reserved Sacrament from a receptacle either on it or near it, and, imitating those who in the days of our Lord's mortal life had laid hold of His garment or His feet, touched her body with His Sacrament as a means of miraculous healing than that she looked for and found crumbs of the Sacrament accidentally left there. If so, the passage is an instance of very remarkable recourse to the reserved Sacrament as a means of offering prayer and receiving supernatural help.'

Apart from that doubtful instance, it is admitted that no evidence remains of the existence of such a custom as the reservation of the Sacrament throughout at least the first thousand years of the Church's history. The first clear example is found in the *Ancren Riwele*, which probably belongs to the early part of the thirteenth century. 'In it the anchoresses are directed what devotions to use when first rising and while dressing; it then proceeds, "When ye are quite dressed, sprinkle yourselves with holy water, which ye should have always with you, and think upon God's flesh, and on His blood, which is over the high altar, and fall on your knees toward it, with this salutation, 'Hail, Thou Author of our creation! Hail, Thou

Price of our redemption! Hail, Thou who art our Support during our pilgrimage! Hail, O Reward of our expectation!'"'

There has been no reservation of the Sacrament in the Church of England hitherto for the purposes of private worship. Why is the demand made in the stress of the war? Dr. Darwell STONE's answer is that the demand is made just to meet the stress of the war. First he says that 'since the outbreak of war in August 1914, a great and pathetic emphasis has been laid on the need of reservation in military hospitals and at the front.' That refers to reservation for the benefit of the sick and dying, which is not the same thing.

But, he says (and the second reason is the real reason), there are those who, travelling abroad, have become accustomed to prayer before the Sacrament in Roman Catholic Churches, and now desire the opportunity of practising the same at home. It may be a question whether such a desire should be encouraged or not. Some will say that a little enlightenment would be more after the mind of Christ. Dr. STONE has no hesitation in giving it encouragement.

And he has no doubt that the prayer is, and is meant to be, the prayer of adoration. 'Those,' he says, 'who enter the place where the Sacrament is reserved are called to acts of worship. He Who is there present is the divine Lord Who was born of Mary and baptized and tempted, Who taught and healed and suffered, Who died and rose and ascended, Who is now at the right hand of the Father. All that He can claim of human love and adoration is due to Him in His sacramental presence. The worship which the Christian soul pays to Him when the Sacrament is consecrated is paid also as it is reserved. It includes the utmost response of which the soul is capable. If it differs at all from the worship which would be His if He were to manifest His visible presence, the difference is not because of anything in Him but only

because the soul might attain to something higher if the sight of the Lord were vouchsafed.'

The disappearance from the New Testament of a great predestinarian text will not cause the consternation now that once it would have done. There may even be very many who will rejoice. And some will say, 'I told you so; the New Testament never was Calvinistic, and never could be.' But the rejoicing must not be too hot-headed. The text is not Pauline. And while St. Paul remains it will require much hardihood to say that the New Testament nowhere teaches predestination.

The text is in the First Epistle of St. Peter. The whole passage, according to the Revised Version, reads in this way: 'Because it is contained in scripture,

Behold, I lay in Zion a chief corner stone, elect, precious:

And he that believeth on him shall not be put to shame.

For you therefore which believe is the preciousness: but for such as disbelieve,

The stone which the builders rejected,

The same was made the head of the corner; and,

A stone of stumbling, and a rock of offence; for they stumble at the word, being disobedient: whereunto also they were appointed' (1 P 2⁶⁻⁸). The predestination is in the last words: 'whereunto also they were appointed.' 'It is,' says Dr. Rendel HARRIS, 'one of the strongest pieces of predestinarian doctrine in the New Testament.' It is Dr. Rendel HARRIS himself who has brought about its disappearance.

He is working on the subject of early Christian testimonies upon which he has published a volume, with the title of *Testimonies* (Cambridge: at the University Press). It has for many years been suspected that, in their controversies with the Jews, the early Christians made use of collec-

tions of quotations from the Old Testament. Dr. Rendel HARRIS has come to the conclusion that one such collection was in existence very early in the history of the Church, so early that it could be used by St. Paul and St. Peter, not to speak of the authors of the Gospels. He calls it the primitive Testimony Book.

This Testimony Book was used to convert the Jews. If they would not be converted, it would serve to controvert them. It contained certain passages from the Old Testament, especially from the Psalms and the Prophets, which could be shown to refer to Christ, and to have been fulfilled in the actual life of Jesus of Nazareth. Is it possible that in making these quotations the author or authors of the Book of Testimony were not always careful to assign a particular quotation to its own author? Dr. Rendel HARRIS thinks it is quite possible. In that way he is inclined to account for the fact that in our best manuscripts, and so presumably in the original text, of Mk 1², a quotation from Malachi is assigned to 'Isaiah the prophet'; and a quotation from Zechariah (as we now possess that prophet) is attributed in Mt 27^{9, 10} to Jeremiah. But that is not the point at present.

The point which Dr. Rendel HARRIS makes at present is that the same two passages which are quoted from Isaiah by St. Peter are also quoted by St. Paul in Ro 9^{32, 33}, and that they are quoted in the same order and in nearly identical language, so that it cannot be called a mere coincidence. Not only is the language in St. Peter and St. Paul alike, but in both it is quite unlike the language of the Septuagint. It follows that both were using some other translation than that of the Septuagint. The conclusion at which Dr. Rendel HARRIS arrives is that they both used the primitive Book of Testimonies.

But how does that touch the predestinarian text in First Peter? It does not touch it. Dr. Rendel HARRIS, so far as we remember, has no violent

antipathy to Calvinism. He knows what he finds in St. Paul. He was content to find something similar in St. Peter. But as he pursued his study of the Book of Testimonies he came upon the Epistle of Barnabas. There he found the same passages from Isaiah and the Psalms quoted as in the First Epistle of Peter and the Epistle to the Romans, and again not from the Septuagint but some other translation. Clearly Barnabas also had the Testimony Book before him and was quoting from it.

But in quoting from it he made one momentous alteration. The words in St. Peter which are spoken of the unbelievers *he refers to Christ*. Dr. Rendel HARRIS caught the hint at once. Instead of 'whereunto they were appointed,' he translated the words in 1 Peter 'whereunto he was appointed,' and the predestinarianism of the passage fell away from it.

Is it possible to come into touch with God apart from Jesus Christ? Jesus said of Himself, 'I am the way and the truth and the life (or as we believe the translation ought to be, when the Hebraism is removed, 'I am the true and living way); no one cometh unto the Father, but by me.' If that text is authentic, and the meaning of it as plain as it appears to be, it follows that a vast quantity of what is called Mysticism at the present day is either paganism or vapouring. Either it fails to come into contact with reality anywhere, or if it does the reality is Antichrist.

The Ven. Willoughby C. ALLEN, M.A., Archdeacon of Blackburn, has published a volume of addresses, sermons, lectures, and papers. Its title is *The Christian Hope* (Murray; 4s. net). It opens with four ordination addresses. In one of these addresses Mr. ALLEN answers the question, 'Is it possible to come into communion with God apart from Christ?' His answer is that it is not possible.

By 'coming into communion with God' he means

so as to obtain a revelation superior to or more immediate than the revelation through Christ. No doubt the ancient Hebrews came in some sense into touch with God. No doubt to the modern Hindu there comes some knowledge of God, through conscience or the external world. God has never left Himself without witness. But what is meant at present is such intercourse with God as surpasses the Christian revelation; a knowledge of God that is at least equal to that made ours in Christ Jesus and obtained by direct vision, spirit meeting spirit without the aid of the Incarnate. Mr. ALLEN declares, without hesitation or qualification, that no such communion is possible.

Why is it not possible? First because of the words of Christ already quoted, words in which no 'mystic' has ever yet discovered an intelligible meaning. And next because 'in the Divine-human Person of Jesus Christ there is revealed the whole Godhead.' Let us see what Mr. ALLEN means by that.

He means that while there are three 'Persons' in the Trinity each Person is God, and the whole of God. He speaks, of course, of revelation; we know nothing of God otherwise. Jesus Christ has revealed to men all that they know of God. As the Incarnate Christ He revealed God to men by word and deed and person. In every 'I am' there was a personal revelation. 'I am the light of the world,' because the purpose of light is to enable men to see, and in Him men saw the fulness of the Godhead bodily. There was then no means of obtaining a vision of God that passed Him by.

But He is here no more 'bodily.' All revelation is now by the Spirit, the third person in the Trinity. Is it not possible that the revelation of the Spirit may pass beyond the revelation given through the historical Jesus, the Incarnate Son of God? No, it is not possible.

For in the first place, the revelation in Christ is

and always must be the revelation of the whole mind of God. The Spirit also reveals the whole mind of God, but cannot surpass or supersede or be in any way independent of the revelation made in Christ Jesus. And in the second place, the Spirit is the Spirit of Christ. Since the Incarnation He has no relation to us, no existence for us, apart from Christ. When the Spirit comes to us, He comes to say, 'Jesus is the way and the truth and the life; no one cometh unto the Father but by Him.' He says it as unreservedly as Jesus Himself said it when He was with us.

The Rev. William TEMPLE, son of the great Archbishop, and himself a force to be reckoned with in the conflict with evil, has written a book to which he has given the title *Mens Creatrix* (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net). The book was planned, he says, in the year 1908, 'when I was a junior don engaged in lecturing on Philosophy. At that time I had the presumption to believe that I was myself destined to be a philosopher.'

The book throws no light on the word 'presumption.' Five-sixths of it are 'philosophical. And no fault is to be found with the philosophy. But Mr. TEMPLE's interest is not in philosophy; it is in theology. Not presumption but inclination has led him to lay down philosophical and take up theological studies—the pressure upon him, let us say, of heredity, environment, the calling of God to leave speculation to others and become a witness to the truth which he has found true.

Did he not know this in 1908? He knows it now. The war, which has made so many things clear, has made it clear to him that for him at least the gifts and calling of God are that he might always be ready to give an answer to every man that asks concerning the faith that is in him. But, whether he was conscious of it or not in 1908, he was even then a theologian. The whole philosophical argument of the book is to the end that philosophy is incomplete and unsatisfying.

Even then it would have been impossible for him to write a book that was philosophical wholly. But now the philosophical part, good philosophy as it is, gives him little satisfaction. He is at his best when he passes to

assert Eternal Providence

And justify the ways of God to men.

The scheme of the book is this. Philosophy 'begins with experience, and may include within that all which we can mean by "religious experience"; it may even give to this the chief place among the various forms of experience; but it begins with human experience and tries to make sense of that. If it reaches a belief in God at all, its God is the conclusion of an inferential process; His Nature is conceived in whatever way the form of philosophy in question finds necessary in order to make Him the solution of its perplexities. He may be a Person, or an Imperial Absolute, or Union of all Opposites—whichever will meet the facts from which the philosophy set out.'

'But religion is not a discovery of man at all. It is indeed an attitude of man's heart and mind and will; but it is an attitude towards a God, who (or which) is supposed to exist independently of our attitude. In particular, Christianity is either sheer illusion, or else it is the self-revelation of God. The religious man believes in God quite independently of philosophic reasons for doing so; he believes in God because he has a conviction that God has taken hold of him. Consequently, in theology, which is the science of religion, God is not the conclusion but the starting-point. Religion does not argue to a First Cause or a Master-Designer or any other such conclusion; it breaks in upon our habitual experience—"Thus saith the Lord." It does not say that as nature, in the form of human nature, possesses conscience, therefore the Infinite Ground of nature must be moral; it says that God has issued orders, and man's duty is therefore to obey.'

The issue is certainly clear. Is it true? What

evidence is there that God has made a revelation of Himself to man, and that that self-revelation constitutes religion? In regard to Christianity Mr. TEMPLE is very emphatic. In particular, he says, Christianity is either sheer illusion or else it is the self-revelation of God. What right has he to say that? What evidence does he offer?

The evidence that he offers is by no means great in amount. Nor, with the exception of one emphatic fact, is it very arresting. The truth is, Mr. TEMPLE makes no attempt to make it arresting. He seems to think that it is quite possible to have too much evidence. 'If evidence were complete and cogent,' he says, 'faith would become dependent upon intellectual proof and intellectual apprehension of the proof. It would thus lose a great deal of its spiritual quality and value.'

Too many items of evidence are, in any case,

unnecessary. For there is one undeniable fact, and it is sufficient. It is the fact of love.

Whatever may be true of the love of man for man, it is certainly true of the love of man for God, that man never loves God until God first loves man. 'We love,' says St. John, 'because he first loved us.' 'We cannot will to love God if we do not love Him; and if we do, there is no need to will, except for a deepening of the love. The issue lies with Him, not with us. At His own time He will call out from our hearts the response to His own love by the full manifestation of it in its irresistible power. So far as we have felt it, we prepare ourselves for a fuller response; so far as we trust those who tell us of it, we prepare ourselves to respond when the time shall come. But in the end the work is His. The work is His; yet we are not abolished or absorbed. It is our hearts that love, but it is His love that draws our hearts to Him. "The love of Christ constraineth us." "We love, because He first loved us."'

The Meanings and Teachings of the Present Visitation.

BY THE REV. H. J. WOTHERSPOON, M.A., D.D., EDINBURGH.

THERE has been criticism of the word *Visitation* as used in the deliverance of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in appointing a special Commission of the Church upon the moral and spiritual issues of the war, as though it implied some peculiar bitterness in the Divine attitude to those involved in present dealings. But the word is really perfectly neutral. In the Old Testament God may be invoked to visit the heathen and their iniquity (Ps 59⁵), or to visit His vine, Israel, and to cause His face to shine upon it (Ps 80¹⁴). In the New Testament the day of Israel's visitation, which it did not know, is the day of the Son of Man and of His offered salvation.

I.

The General Assembly speaks of this which has come upon the world as a visitation—and the

word implies *God*. We believe in a moral universe, in which things do not happen without purpose; we believe in a rational universe, in which things do not happen without meaning; we believe in a spiritual universe, in which man is always face to face with God's justice and God's love. There is nothing without God; the most impious of all scepticisms is that which says, *The Lord will not do good, neither will He do evil*. There is a visitation; this catastrophe has roots in the past; it has a history; and Heaven has purposes through it. The scene of its evolution has been the human heart, and the history of it is a history of human alternatives and choices—of human hesitations and determinations—of human beliefs and disbeliefs. Therefore God is everywhere in this history, for God is in contact with the human heart in every determination

and at every decision. He gives grace to resist evil—He enables to the good will: or His Spirit is grieved and no longer pleads: or His Spirit is taken away, and man is allowed to rush to his ruin. *Who shall persuade Ahab that he may go up to Ramoth-Gilead and fall? And there came forth a spirit, and said, I will persuade him . . . I will go forth, and I will be a lying spirit in the mouth of all his prophets.* There is perhaps in this drama also of to-day a moment of which it may again be said, *and God hardened the heart of a monarch so that he would not*; and perhaps a moment of vast grace and pity when He forgave our people many provocations and granted us to dare imminent destruction in order to stand or fall for the thing that is right. God was in all that—because God is busy at the heart of man, and only His grace at any time saves us from self-destruction. Let us then begin from this: there is a Divine visitation, and it has meanings and teachings.

Among these we may distinguish meanings as to the past, the Divine criticism of the ways which have brought our civilization to this bankruptcy; and meanings as to the future, the Divine call henceforth to seek the Kingdom of Heaven and its justice. Our friends across the Border seem right in having chosen for their National Mission two headings—of Repentance and of Hope. We have first to understand, if we can, the past; for if we can see there the roots of present disaster, we will know where and how to seek the better future. As men who have lost the way stop and consider how they have come and where they left the path, in order that they may find and return to it, so must we do.

We must try to take wide views and long views. This cataclysm of Western civilization did not take place because of Britain or for the sake of Britain. We are not at war by ourselves, nor did war begin from us. The focus of the tornado is not within our frontier. We imagine ourselves as at the centre of the universe and think of the world as something that revolves round our homes. We talk of God as if He regulates His providence by our conduct and for our interest; it is not Germany alone which postulates a tribal God. Whereas God is the God of the whole earth, and Christ died for mankind. There are men beyond the mountains, and nations beyond the narrow seas, for whom also God has a care. For a world war we must seek world causes.

And again, we think of ourselves who happen to be alive to-day, as if even our own history began with this present generation or was to end with it. We forget our fathers, and that God visits the sins of the fathers upon the children, and also that He loves the children for the fathers' sakes. Or we take still shorter views and persist in thinking mainly of where we British stood in August two years ago, as if in that consisted on its moral side the whole question. So we speak of 'our good conscience in this war'—your conscience and mine, that is, in August 1914:—when God is visiting the world of men and reckoning with it for the outcome of a cycle of generations. We have a good conscience as to our position in that momentary conjunction out of which the Great War blazed—and thank God for that; but now and for the true meanings and teachings of the event our good conscience has become a snare to us; on the strength of it we maintain a foolish self-righteousness and ask of what we have to repent.

We British after all are but part of a larger whole, sharing that humanity in which God was incarnated; we are but part of Christendom, that family of evangelized nations which once was conscious of its solidarity under the blessed sceptre of the Christ; we are but part of that Europe in which it has seemed for so long that the world's hope was centred. If we are to understand the meanings of the war as a Divine visitation, we must try to forget our own importance to ourselves, and we must ask what may be God's meaning in it for mankind, for Europe, for Christendom.

Further we, on whom the ends of the world are come, are only the last to live of a series of generations—we summarize a long past; and Heaven has a long memory; it forgets nothing; and there is much in our national past which we would fain forget and would fain have forgotten by others and by the Judge of nations; but now it rises from its grave and meets us. The exactness and faithfulness of retributions which have appeared in these last two years is enough to convince an atheist. I suggest that in seeking the meanings of this visitation, we should not be content to remember only the last decade or thereby, nor be content to talk of our good conscience in the momentary crisis of August 1914. The era draws to an end, and Heaven deals with the resultant, not of a year or two bygone, nor of

this generation only which happens just now to be alive and is required to answer—but with the resultant of that era which in us and in our contemporaries expresses itself thus, as we see the world to-day. *In whatsoever things I find you, in them will I judge you.*

For there are days of judgment—days when the harvest of the earth is ripe and the sickle is thrust in: days of reckoning—days of the Lord, when He comes suddenly, and there is weeping and gnashing of teeth: one such supreme day at the last perhaps, but meanwhile from time to time, as epoch after epoch is accomplished, many such days,¹ and such days as this. Then there is judgment; not yet on the souls of men—Christ still says, *I judge no man*; Christ still intercedes for men. But certainly, judgment upon the facts. Always here in our present is the outcome of our past; here is the end of our ways; now God lets us see what we have been making of our world. Because the present as an outcome of the past is always in strict moral connexion with the past. Nothing happens but what, if things pursue their natural course, was bound to happen. We have reached the logical conclusion of the ways in which our civilization has been developing—we have reached a day of judgment and are brought to God's bar—we and the rest. We for our part, as we find ourselves there, may plead somewhat; and the Judge, it may be thought, has allowed our plea. We may plead that we have judged ourselves and therefore should not be judged; and it is, in part at least, true—our British habit of severity in self-criticism may now have its value before Heaven. We may plead repentances; late repentances some of them, but let us thank God that they are in evidence for us. We may plead amendments of our way. We may even plead that, at least as a leaven leavening the lump, the spirit of the Kingdom is deeply wrought into our life, so that we cannot, if we would, hate, and do not revenge, and do readily forgive. We can plead that, if not in everything and, alas! not as between man and man (for that is 'business'), yet at least in the wider international relations, we have loved righteousness and have hated iniquity—that at least of recent times and at least as a public power we have tried to be just and

to do good; and we may plead (it is a valuable commendation) that for these things our fellow-men have thought kindly of us and in our day of need have wished us well. We had those pleas, and Heaven has admitted them. Have we not obtained mercy? have we not been allowed to save our soul alive? are we not permitted to suffer for faith and honour?

Nevertheless it is for us also a day of judgment. For it is our age and our world, its system and its standards, which are judged; and we are of an age and of its system; we have shared in the drift of the world away from God; we have shared in its pursuit of false aims. We have not been foremost in the march towards the outer darkness; our instinct has been for the light; we have followed into the shadows with misgiving and hesitation, with pause and spasmodic return. But we followed. As an empire among empires, as a nation among existing nations, *measuring ourselves* (as the Apostle says) *by ourselves and comparing ourselves among ourselves*, we have whereof to boast; *but not before God*. On the whole view, our British culture may be thought the best thing of the sort that exists to embody hope for the earth—nevertheless, by the rule of the Kingdom of Heaven, it is a poor and guilty thing. Yet for what it is, we have found mercy. When the awful challenge of God arrested the world's march and separated the nations, right hand and left, as a shepherd divides sheep and goats, we were chosen and not rejected; we received grace to draw back from the dreary procession and to range ourselves with the armies of God. For we also had been in the way with the rest; it is the mercy of God—it is the grace of God that has saved us, if we are to be saved: God, and not we ourselves.

If, therefore, we ask of the meanings of this visitation, we may think that we are met first by a meaning as to our whole Western system of life—our 'Christian civilization' and its degree of truth to the Divine thought for us. God may mean that the world cannot be managed as we have been managing the world; that the way of Christ is the only way by which men can dwell together upon the face of the earth; and that now, when as never before, distance being abolished and men close packed, it has become a question of *dwelling together*, this need of adopting the way of Christ in all relations has become urgent. Our material

¹ This was written before I had read Mr. MacLennan's article in a recent review, and notwithstanding the coincidence of language, I let it stand.

progress has outrun our spiritual progress, and has broken down—because it has not been true to the truth; Christ being the Truth, and therefore the only Way and the only Life.

II.

If, however, we venture on more detailed analysis, the Divine meaning may be very differently read—say, for Germany; and say, for ourselves. For the alliance of Central Europe, the visitation may mean that wrath of God which is manifested when mercy finds (in the immediate sense) no remedy; it may mean the abandonment of the nations concerned, to be filled with their own devices; it may mean permission to them to show the world what evil is, when evil is free to be itself; it may mean that God will allow the world to have a demonstration of the nature of its own principles of action—of the realization of its own ideals when carried to their logical conclusion. Here is the end, when Christ's bands are broken and His cords are cast off.

For us and for those whom God has given to stand with us, it may mean the opposite—it may mean Election: *I have loved thee, saith the Lord.* It may mean God's severity to that which He loves. It may mean that God will have us see our sins and be saved from them—that God will reveal to us the Cross, as Christ held it before the sons of Zebedee, and asked them, *Are ye able?* and that to us also power is given to answer, *We are able.* The answer is one which has been already given in our name by many of ours; and we who remain are of the same blood with those who have fallen in Flanders or at Gallipoli; it may be that in the more difficult battlefields at home and in the coming peace we also may have grace given us to meet our Lord's question as gallantly. James fell by the sword—John lived for the 'white martyrdom' of service; both drank of Christ's Cup and both were baptized with Christ's Baptism. Even so our lads have died—and we live to save our country on its own beloved soil. God means us to save it. This may be the Divine intention for us by the war; 'its significance' at all events must be very different for those who suffer because they oppose God, and for those who suffer for righteousness' sake. We may be enduring chastisement as of sons, yet be glorious as fighting in the cause of God.

We may dare to see ourselves thus, as God's

instruments, exalted and enriched in our suffering and earning great rewards in the fruit of it; yet this very thing may cast us down lowly before God in the sense of a terrible unworthiness to be His instrument—we sinners to judge and smite our fellow-sinners. 'There but for the grace of God goes John Newton': we have admired what Germany was—we have been its docile discipleship; and but for the mercy of God, there go we. And we may feel the awful necessity to purge ourselves, because God has laid on us the pitiful office of executing judgment.

Or, again, we may see in our own case the tremendous problem which meets us in so many directions—not only the problem of Election, but also that of the consequences of being elected. Let it be that in truth our British race has qualities and ways which fit it as no other seems fitted, to build on earth's fields a kingdom in some measure symbolic of the Kingdom of Heaven—a kingdom of liberty and justice, brotherhood and peace—then we bring upon ourselves the word of Election, *You only have I known of all the families of the earth* (or perhaps, you as none other): *therefore I will visit upon you all your iniquities.* In that case there is the tremendous question—for us tremendous—of our responsibilities as a world power, and of our use of them. In that case there is the still nearer question of our national and social conditions: we may then be the servant who knew his Lord's will and did not do it; and what if we be *beaten with many stripes?*

It may also be borne in upon us that in this narrower relation we may have to find something of God's meaning in relation to our lagging behind His grace and our opportunity. For the time, we should be in matters of social well-being the world's teachers—yet in much we have failed even to learn lessons which neighbouring nations have to teach us. It is not that we have not advanced—it is not that this generation is not in ways better than recent generations; but it is perhaps that we hesitate and linger and will not do the things that we know, and that among the signs of the times we may read this message, *If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him.* The war has let us see God's finger laid upon our unhealed sores one by one; on our slavery to liquor and its system—we, a nation in pawn to a trade; on the white slave traffic; on our class divisions, and our incapacity so much as to understand,

one class another; and on our worship of money—God has made us burn our money before Him five million a day, as the idol furniture was burned before the Apostle at Ephesus; on the mad partizanship of our politics; on the empty cradle and its hideous explanation; on the unsocial nature of our society and its bitterness of spirit—one remembers Pope's line, 'And each but hates his neighbour as himself.' The war has shown us our profound need of a Christian Reformation.

But simultaneously it has demonstrated the enormous spiritual resources which exist among us to accomplish such a reformation: the same heroism, the same sacrifice, which for the war have flashed out like a sword suddenly drawn in sunlight—could they not have been evoked sooner to win our country from domestic shame? *We are able*; but we have been unready, egotistic, faithless, slothful, afraid. And Heaven will not bear it, because Heaven has loved us; we must arise and follow Christ.

And there is the question of the meaning of the visitation for the Church. The present writer does not venture to say more of this than to indicate that that question also exists. Looking abroad upon our islands one might possibly be driven to ask what Church there is. One sees a system for

the provision of Christian ordinances to those who desire them. One sees a system which 'represents a phase of the national life'—a phase, that is, of the world. One sees something which is so closely identified with the natural society that, as Canon Scott-Holland has said, there is difficulty in assigning to it any independent responsibility. It has been defined as 'the nation in its spiritual aspect'—scarcely a satisfactory description of the *Civitas Dei*. No doubt the Church is more to many of its members, and in the knowledge of God is much more than any of these things. But we are speaking of Divine meanings as to our corporate life: what does the world know of the Church as a social witness, a corporate conscience? Where do we see that which Christ has *founded upon a rock*? Does the Church even make clear to the world which in its own judgment is the rock and which is sand?

The meaning of the visitation for us who are 'put in trust of the Gospel'? No doubt that question also lies in our way: and who is to answer it? One can feel sure of at least one thing, that it is vain for men to say to others, *Go to—repent*. Each must say, *I repent*. *We have gone astray like sheep that are lost: O God, seek Thy servants: for we do not forget Thy commandments.*

Proverbs of Oriental Wisdom.

BY THE REV. GEORGE M. MACKIE, M.A., D.D., ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT.

IN Syria and Egypt there are numerous proverbial sayings current among the people. Various causes contribute to their popularity and influence. Their name in Arabic is *Amthâl*, 'similitudes,' and much of their arresting charm arises from this discovered resemblance between external nature and inward experience. They have the dignity of antiquity, a new proverb savouring of impertinence. The form is often of such brevity as to give to those who understand all that is implied a place among the enlightened. The proverb has not unfrequently a touch of hyperbole, which, however, does not affect it as a statement of truth, to the Oriental mind. Its literary grace and balance of sound give it an oracular value and appeal to a people who are stylists in everything. Finally, the rhymed construction in which it is often cast makes it easily

remembered and quoted. The subject-matter in most cases refers to the practical conduct of life, and the proverb rightly assumes that every man is deeply interested in himself and his own welfare, and will follow the path of wisdom when it is pointed out. It was to this love of the concrete and pictorial among Orientals that Christ appealed in His parables. It was the inadequacy, in the hour of temptation, of these ethical ideals, without the compelling power of a great motive, that led St. Paul to compare such wisdom with the gospel way according to which Divine power rests upon and transforms human weakness. Hence the challenge, 'Where is the wise? Where is the disputer of this world?' Inasmuch as the determining fact, the power to accept and carry out such precepts, was regarded as something resident in the hearer

and contributed by him, such Proverbial Wisdom had the same weakness that the Apostle detected in the Law (Ro 8³).

In the following selections, the proverbs are arranged not according to subject-matter, but according to the field of similitude from which they are taken.

1. THE HUMAN BODY.

The tongues of men are the pens of truth.

The tongue is the dragoman of the heart.

The peace of man is in the governing of the tongue.

Never be the head of anything, because the head has many pains.

A hair here and a hair there makes a beard (diligence, thrift).

You can't clap with one hand (friendly intercession).

The hand that does not put in will not take out.

He who clipt your neighbour's beard can do the same to yours (in commendation of union).

2. NATURE, ANIMAL LIFE.

Custom is the fifth element in the universe (earth, air, fire, water—and custom).

Everything obeys custom, even the worship of God.

If the camel should see his own hump, he would fall down and break his neck.

Accursed is he who drinks from a fountain, and then fills it up with stones.

The goat was lying dead, and the wolf was standing beside it (circumstantial evidence).

The she-ape always thinks her young one is a gazelle.

Buy the nose-bag before you buy the mare.

A rose can blossom among thorns.

Low-lying ground drinks its own rain and that of its neighbours (advantage of humility).

The silkworm and the needle clothe others and remain naked themselves (labour without personal profit).

Birds always alight among those of their own species (sparrows among sparrows, storks among storks; advantage or danger of companionship).

The mangy goat must always drink from the fountainhead (smallest right makes biggest claim).

Your gamecock crows from the shell (character).

If the father be onion and the mother garlic, how can the child have a sweet perfume? (heredity).

It is better to be the last among lions than the first among foxes.

He who has moonlight does not ask about starlight.

3. FAMILY, NEIGHBOURS, ETC.

Better a thousand enemies outside the house than one inside.

If you stay forty days with people, at the end of that time you will either leave them or become like them (environment).

He who knows you when you are young will never respect you when you are big.

My brother and I against my cousin, my cousin and I against the outsider.

Better a near neighbour than a far-away brother.

How many brothers I have met who were not sons of my father!

Hatred flourishes among relatives, and jealousy among neighbours.

A man is a neighbour to himself.

The house that receives no guests receives no angels. (The traveller is especially under God's protection; he who receives the traveller helps God, and God does not remain in debt to any one.)

A loaf here, and a loaf there, but never let your neighbour go hungry.

The evening guest gets no supper (that is, cooked, after the hour of the family supper, but he must receive bread).

If your neighbour be well, you are well.

Your neighbour is your neighbour even when he commits an unneighbourly act.

Three kinds of work never degrade a man: for his family, for his guest, and for his mare.

All blessings of the home come from the wife, and therefore she should be honoured.

Let man beware of making women weep, for God counts their tears.

4. SOCIAL CONDITIONS.

A stranger in a strange land is a blood relation to every other stranger.

Travel is a part of eternal punishment; no, eternal punishment is a part of travel.

When three men are on a journey, one of them must be chosen sheikh.

A man in a strange land is blind though both his eyes are open.

There are three evils in life : poverty, sickness, and death.

Never sit down in the place of a man who can say to you, 'Get up !'

Better bad news in the morning than even good news at night. (The evening is for repose of mind and body.)

The rich man rises for his wealth, and the poor man for his breakfast.

Better bread and onion with peace than stuffed chicken with squabbling.

If the fox become king bow down before him.

The world is with the one who is standing. (In the case of a quarrel, it is well to sympathize with the one who has conquered.)

Two coins make more noise in a bag than a hundred (boasting).

5. TRADES AND OCCUPATIONS.

Potter. The potter can put the ear of the jar where he likes (how the Oriental mind regards the problem of miracles).

Buying and Selling. Sell one article and the world will call you a merchant.

Street-hawker. The seller of olive-oil in the skin never proclaims that his oil is rancid. (One can't be expected to put truth above self-interest.)

Farming. The value of the standing-crop is not always that of the grain on the threshing-floor (rain failure, east wind, locusts ; expectations unfulfilled).

He who sows kindness reaps gratitude.

A man sowed the seed called 'Tomorrow,' but it didn't come up.

Blacksmith. Men are locked boxes, and the keys that open them are temptations.

Patience is the key to success.

Cooking. The bare bone makes most noise in the boiling-pot (pretensions, claims).

Baker. Give your batch of dough to the baker though he should eat half of it. (What you get will be good.)

Begging. Begging is an easy trade, but the standing at the door is tiresome (need of circumspection).

Porter. Truth is a heavy kind of material, and therefore few wish to carry it.

Mason. One tap from a master, though behind his back, is better than the hammering of a thousand amateurs. (A mason undertook to build a bridge over the river Adonis, and before removing the scaffolding demanded the payment agreed upon. The Emir refused and engaged other masons to remove it. These were afraid to meddle with it, and when the sum was paid, the builder stood with his back to the work and tapped a wedge with his hammer, and the scaffolding collapsed and left the bridge standing free with its one large arch.)

6. EDUCATION AND KNOWLEDGE.

He who has taught me a letter has made me his slave.

Instruction in youth is like carving in stone ; instruction in age is like a wave on the sea.

He who is older than you by a day is wiser than you by a year.

7. MEDICINE.

Consult the patient ; not the physician.

The chief resource of medicine is branding.

The doctor who gives medicine for nothing does nothing with it.

The near-at-hand church works no miraculous cures.

8. MORALS AND RELIGION.

Humility along with honour is more honourable than the honour itself.

How can a Bedawi sleep with honey over his head ? (Opportunity leads to crime.)

Better to fall into trouble than be always expecting it.

The son who doesn't get discipline from his father will get it from experience.

He who does not thank men will never thank God.

Better to escape from self than to escape from a lion.

It is difficult for a man to know himself.

Birth is the messenger of death. (Whatever begins must end.)

He whom men love is beloved of God.

Humanity is the family of God, and those whom God loves most are those who are most useful to His family.

The thief who does not get an opportunity of stealing considers himself an honest man.

Do not despise any man, or consider anything impossible: for every one has his time, and everything has its place.

You will avoid evil if you remember three things: where you came from, whither you are going, and before whom you will be judged.

The tyrant, the liar, the hypocrite, and the scandal-monger have no standing in the house of eternal joy.

Worship is not the raising of the voice in prayer, but the uplifting of the soul to heaven.

The worst trouble is always the present one.

Do what is right and throw it into the sea.
(It will float, and righteousness will ultimately prevail.)

Teach your tongue to say, 'I don't know.'

Hospitality is a part of Divine service.

Don't go to an auction if you have nothing to spend (avoid temptation).

He who increases his flesh increases food for worms.

Be reverent to those above you; gracious to those beneath you, and faithful to all.

Silence is the wall that surrounds wisdom.

Consider not 'who spoke?' but what was spoken.

Whoso knows himself and knows his Lord, evil will not easily prevail against him.

The sin of laziness is like that of idolatry.

There is a vast difference between the man who is ashamed before himself, and the man who is only ashamed before others.

He who eats and drinks without thanking God deserves the punishment of a thief.

Whoever puts a stumbling-block in the path of another is far from the gates of Paradise.

The good deeds that you do in this life take on personality and follow you into the next.

In the Study.

Jael.

A STUDY IN EARLY ETHICS.

'Blessed above women shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be, blessed shall she be above women in the tent.'—Jg 5²⁴.

In the study of the Old Testament it is of the highest importance to remember that the revelation of God was a gradual process. It is true that under the Jewish dispensation there was a lower standard of religious perfection altogether than under the Christian. This is proved by innumerable facts in the Old Testament history that even the greatest of those of whom we read, prophets, priests, or kings, were in many respects not enlightened beyond their time, so that even the least in the kingdom of Christ is greater than they. But, more than that, there was a different standard at different times, according to the growth of the knowledge of the true God and His righteousness. If, therefore, we are to understand the character of Jael and to form a right judgment upon her famous act, we must know something of the particular period of the history of Israel in which she lived.

What do we find to be the moral features of

Hebrew society in the period of the judges? Did any decisive changes take place in the community of Israel which would tend to develop the national and individual conscience, and make it a controlling force in speech and act as between Hebrew and Hebrew, and Hebrew and foreigner? Were the three prime qualities, rectitude, chastity, and magnanimity, largely exemplified? How did the occupations of the people and their general social environment affect them? It must be confessed that the virtues most likely to be encouraged were those of the heroic or semi-barbarous type. Courage, endurance, fidelity to clan, family, and companions in arms, must have been often and signally displayed. The long struggle with the native Canaanites, over wide areas or in isolated holdings, for the possession of fortresses, fertile valleys and plains, vineyards and olive groves, or with various swarms of foreign invaders, played a principal part in moulding the Hebrew temper into strength, elasticity, and hardness. It was this discipline that gave to Israel the resisting and recuperative power which was and is the marvel of the ancient and the modern world.

Not very much can be said of influences favour-

able to the development of the rarer and more precious moral endowments of a people. In a community trained to irregular warfare, swift reprisal, deadly revenge, little stimulus could be afforded to any latent or incipient openness or candour which might have been educed in the more peaceful occupations of earlier days. Ehud (Jg 3) can be a moral hero only to those who hold that no means are reprehensible which can secure a desirable end.

I.

1. Jael was by birth and associations as well as in feeling and instinct a true child of the desert. Of the moral law as revealed to Israel she would have known little or nothing. Certain instincts of right and wrong no doubt she had; but they were shaped, cramped, dominated, perverted, by the traditions of her race and tribe. Her ideas of murder and treachery were not ours; they were not even those of average civilized communities in the heathen world: they were in keeping with the fierce, wild, wandering life of a savage tribe, living by force and upon sufferance on the outer confines of an early civilization.

Jael's husband, Heber the Kenite, was chief of a band of Bedouins, as we should now call them, who had parted from their fellows in the southern desert and had pitched their tents in the upland valley of Zaanaim, near Kedesh-Naphtali. This movement was probably due to their wish to associate themselves as far as they might with Israel, as the people who had the fullest knowledge of him whose name they had learned from their own ancestor Jethro, the father-in-law of Moses.

No doubt this tie of blood, such as it was, would have recommended them to the Israelite garrison of the neighbouring stronghold of Kedesh-Naphtali; and, on the other hand, Jabin had enough on his hands to wish, if he could, to be on good terms with an Arab tribe in his neighbourhood, which could easily have given him trouble; so that there was in this sense peace between Heber the Kenite and Jabin the King of Canaan.

2. Briefly told, Jael's story is this: Sisera, when he fled from the battlefield, sought refuge in Heber's encampment, knowing that he was in alliance with Jabin, his master. Jael, his wife, invited him into her own tent, and there assassinated him in cold blood, after she had disarmed

all suspicion by a succession of friendly acts of hospitality.

¶ An incident which happened to me may explain why Heber was found upon this plain at the time of the battle. With a guide from Nazareth, I once crossed the lower part of Esdraelon in the winter. It was then full of Arab tents, and at first I felt a little nervous, but my guide assured me there was no danger, for he was well acquainted with those Arabs. Their home was in the mountains north of Nazareth, towards Safed, and they only came down there to pass the cold months of winter. This was the very thing, I suppose, that Heber and his tribe of Kenites did in the days of Jael. None of the Bedawin women I saw that day seemed at all heroic, though some of them looked as if they could drive a nail into the temple of a sleeping enemy.¹

II.

1. Jael's deed is to be judged, not by itself in the abstract, still less by the light of the Gospel, but in reference to the code under which she lived, in reference to the knowledge of the Divine will then published among men; and so judged, it is not requisite that it should have been free from all blame in order to obtain praise. The presence of much that is evil would not be a bar to her gaining the lofty commendation, 'Blessed above women shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be, blessed shall she be above women in the tent.'

¶ Do we count cunning and falsehood and cruelty sinful in the dweller in wild woods? Is the Arab of the waste a criminal because he is a robber, because he has fits of uncontrolled animal emotion, like an ignorant, passionate child? Do we blame lust in a monkey, or murder when done by a dog?

Has the reader ever watched a dog hunt down and kill another dog in wantonness or jealousy? I have seen it done. Straight as an arrow she flew, a quarter of a mile across the grass; there was no fight, scarcely a movement of resistance, as she overtook her victim and pinned her to the earth; driving her great teeth into the other's windpipe and holding them there till breathing had ceased. It was mere murder. And she came to me immediately afterwards, tingling with satisfaction in every nerve, with no trace of uneasiness or remorse, plainly expecting that I would sing over her deed just such a song as Deborah sang over the deed of Jael.²

2. The disgraceful treachery of Jael has been thought to be palliated by the sacred historian, and it has been supposed that Christians were bound to defend it. No such necessity is laid upon us. The act was utterly indefensible, and was rendered more completely so because it is an Eastern custom,

¹ W. M. Thomson, *The Land and the Book*, 217.

² W. J. Clennell, *The Historical Development of Religion in China*, 34.

and no doubt was so in the days of Jael—a custom which scarcely the most treacherous and unprincipled Arab ever fails to observe—that any one who has partaken food under a man's roof is safe from molestation, at least as long as that roof shelters him. We recall the scene in Scott's *Talisman*, where Saladin is made to say, 'Had he murdered my father, and afterwards partaken of my food and my bowl, not a hair of his head could have been injured by me.'

¶ The Bedawin have always been celebrated for their hospitality, a quality rendered all the more conspicuous by their dishonesty, treachery, and cruelty. Their oral laws or customs are very stringent on this subject, so much so that men who are liable to suffer from the revenge of individuals escape harm by contriving, for instance, to eat bread and salt in the tents of their enemy. The ideas entertained by these people respecting the duty of hospitality interpose a great and salutary check upon their lawless propensities, and especially upon that law of retaliation which requires the nearest relation of a murdered man to avenge his death upon his murderer, thus engendering 'blood feuds,' which often last for a generation. Indeed, were it not for the powerful influence of this tent law of hospitality, the desert could not be trodden, most of the year, by any but the Arabs themselves.

The Arab, however, is passionate, and under the influence of anger or hatred will sometimes break the laws of hospitality, and even trample upon the most solemn oaths.

Take, for instance, the story of Sofuk, the sheikh of the great tribe of the Shammar. He had been a noted chief of the tribe for many years, obtaining the title of King of the Desert, and having strengthened his influence by carrying off and marrying Amsha, the daughter of Hassan, sheikh of the Tai, who had been the theme of Arab poets for her beauty and her noble blood. Sofuk's conduct toward his adherents growing more and more tyrannical, they gradually left him, and pitched their tents around that of his cousin, Nejris. He could not brook this humiliation, and employed expostulation, violence, and every wile, but all in vain; nothing could induce the wild children of the desert to return to his authority. He invited Nejris to an interview; but as the latter could not trust his treacherous rival, he sent him his son, Ferhan, to whom he pledged himself by solemn oath that no harm was intended. Nejris, to show his confidence in Ferhan, declared that he would accompany him alone, upon his mare, to his father's tent. They had scarcely reached it, however, when they both clearly saw the treachery about to be perpetrated. The tent was filled with blood-thirsty adherents of Sofuk, whom he had called together to aid him in consummating the work of revenge. Nejris was no sooner seated than Sofuk began to address him with invectives, to which he fearlessly responded. Upon this Sofuk sprang to his feet, and, drawing his sword, rushed upon him. Nejris, unarmed, cast himself upon the protection of an uncle, who had the baseness to hold him down while Sofuk cut his throat. Ferhan nearly lost his life at the hand of his infuriated father in the vain attempt to save his relative and guest. He now stood at the door of the tent rending his garments,

and calling down curses upon the head of his father for violating the laws of hospitality, and the latter was with difficulty prevented from striking him down with his reeking sword. The Shammar were not won back to Sofuk by this act of treachery, and he, ere long, himself fell a victim to the arts he had employed to destroy his rival. He was murdered by a party of Turkish soldiers, sent ostensibly to aid him, and his head was carried in triumph to the Pasha of Bagdad.¹

She stood, the mother-snake, before her tent,
She feigned a piteous dew in her false eyes,
She made her low voice gentle as a bird's,
She drew the noble weary captain in;
Her guest beneath the shelter of her home,
He laid him down to rest and had no fear.
The sacred old alliance with her clan,
The trustful calm immunity of sleep,
Sealing security each more secure.
Ah, surely, he was safe if anywhere
Beneath the mantle which she laid for him.
He was too noble to mistrust her much;
His fading sense felt her insidious arm
Folding him warmly. Then he slept—she rose,
Slid like a snake across the tent—struck twice—
And stung him dead.²

III.

1. What motive had Jael for doing what she did? The instinct of self-preservation has been suggested as a motive. To understand this, we must imagine the circumstances in which she found herself. Jabin, with whom her husband, in violation of long-cherished ties, had made an alliance, was utterly defeated; his general was flying in haste from the field of battle. The victorious Israelites under Barak and Deborah were in hot pursuit; they knew well the part that Heber had played, in their eyes a most perfidious part; she feared that he must pay the penalty for his crime unless something desperate was done to avert it.

Barak would soon be upon them, for their camp was right in his way, and she was certain that, once in his grasp, all his anger and indignation would break out against the man who had deserted him, and she and her husband and all that they had would be utterly exterminated. So on the impulse of the moment she conceived the horrible idea of murdering the guest to whom she had offered every token of hospitality and friendship. It was the only thing to save her life. Barak's hostility, she felt, would be disarmed, if only she could satisfy him that, repenting of having joined Jabin, she had done all that she could to atone for

¹ H. J. Van-Lennep, *Bible Lands and Customs*, 410.

² John Leicester Warren.

the treason of her house; she had slain Sisera, and had done it with her own hand. And we can imagine the confidence with which she went out to meet Barak: 'Come, and I will shew thee the man whom thou seekest.'

If this be the right interpretation, it was a most revolting act; and it was perpetrated, not, as is so often said, out of zeal for God's people, not from any high motive that can be legitimately imagined, but simply for personal safety.

2. But a higher motive has been suggested. Israel was then a free community, which existed for the good of all its members. This was a striking contrast to every other national constitution in the world. Suppose that this surprising and important fact was present to the mind of Jael, together with the knowledge that this people professed to be the receptacle of a special Divine promise, which gave them an inalienable right to the land of Canaan. She believed that Israel represented the cause of truth and righteousness in the world, and that the Canaanite represented the cause of evil. She believed that the Canaanitish rule was a curse, a scandal which cried aloud for removal, and that it was the design of an avenging and a compassionate Providence that this plague should be extinguished. Well, God had just crowned the courageous effort of Israel with success, a great battle had been won; and now the flying Canaanite leader is brought by an apparent chance into her very tent; he is in her power, and she can 'bruise the head' of the corrupt race, and destroy the Canaanites in their chief. She immediately pronounces it to be an opportunity put in her way by Providence—that Providence which plainly designed that this sacred race should possess the land in the place of the old stock. She kills Sisera as an enemy of God.

¶ 'Have you heard the earth crying?' said Vassily Vassilitch.

'What do you mean?' I asked.

'Why,' said he, 'I've heard her crying as I lay in the grass, with my ear to the ground. I heard her. Like this, oo-m, oo-m, oo-m. It was the time the soldiers were being mobilised and women were sobbing in every cottage and in every turning of the road, so it may only have been that I heard. But it seemed to me the earth herself was crying, so gently, so sadly that my own heart ached.'¹

3. Lastly, it has been said that in forming our estimate of Jael's act, we must remember who the

person she put to death *was*. He was not a common Canaanite, but the Canaanitish general and leader, especially the mark of the Divine wrath; and against whom principally, as the representative of the Canaanitish power, the thunderbolt was aimed and the decree of destruction sent forth—'I will deliver *him* into thine hand.' He was not even an ordinary Canaanitish leader. There is evidently something extraordinary about this man, Sisera. It must strike any reader as remarkable that we hear nothing about Jabin personally in this war. He takes no part, he does not appear on the scene, and is a cypher; while the man who does all and wields the whole force of the Canaanitish kingdom is, as far as appearance goes, a private person, who has risen to extraordinary power and to the head of the army. Jabin is a nullity; Jabin's general is everything. To kill the general Sisera is less awful than if she had killed King Jabin himself; and at the same time it has rid the land of an aggressive and ruthless man, to whom war was a cruel and ready instrument of his ambition.

¶ When the news of the Cawnpore massacre reached England, Lord Macaulay, a man as humane as he was just, wrote thus in his diary: 'It is painful to be so revengeful as I feel myself. I, who cannot bear to see a beast or bird in pain, could look on without winking while Nana Sahib underwent all the tortures of Ravallac.'²

¶ In the person of the Primate Sharp was incarnated for the extreme Presbyterians all that was impious against heaven and detestable in the sight of man. At a time when passions were inspired and distorted by religious exaltation, it was in the nature of things that some wilder spirits should deem his destruction to be but the just judgment of heaven. Yet in this case it was not as in that of Cardinal Beaton: his death was not the result of careful premeditation but of convenient opportunity interpreted as a divine sanction by religious frenzy and the bitterness of hate. On the 3rd of May Sharp was returning from Edinburgh, and, seated in his coach with his daughter, had reached Magus Muir, some two miles from St. Andrews. That day twelve men, including David Hackston of Rathillet and John Balfour of Kinloch, all outlawed for their religion, had been diligently seeking one Carmichael, an agent of Sharp's who had made himself peculiarly obnoxious in Fife. Carmichael had received a hint of their intentions and had bestowed himself safely; but, just when the twelve began to despair of finding their victim, they received information that the arch-enemy himself was at hand. With one mind they hailed his appearance as a divine interposition. They came up with the coach, and made their work more ghastly by the very frenzy of their ecstasy. Successive shots fired into the carriage failed to execute their purpose, and at length dragging him forth,

¹ Stephen Graham, *The Fiery Cross*, 92.

² G. W. E. Russell, *The Spirit of England*, 42.

amid the pitiful outcries of himself and his daughter, they cut at him with their swords and finished their work of pious atrocity.¹

IV.

THE POETIC VERSION.

In the light of the last view the poetic version of the story becomes intelligible. Although highly coloured, it expresses in the liveliest terms the triumphant feeling of patriotic Israelites at the death of their mighty oppressor.

1. All critics are agreed upon the antiquity of the poetical version; indeed there is nothing in the Old Testament of the same extent and integrity which can be placed earlier. The style and language, equally with the subject-matter, belong to an archaic age; the religious temper and the political situation are both those of the period of the Judges; and the whole song glows with the passionate enthusiasm of a poet who was keenly interested, and perhaps took part, in the heroic deeds of which he sings. The antiquity of the poem, then, may be taken for granted, and its value as historical evidence must be admitted at the same time.

A woman had successfully initiated the war, and a woman brings it to a triumphant conclusion. Jael, by a bold stratagem, slays Sisera as he stands drinking in her tent.

The Hebrew patriot could not tell of such deeds in bare prose. The recollection of that eventful day stirred her to praise Jehovah and recount the victory in passionate song. Thus we have preserved to us not only the finest ode in Hebrew literature, but also the most venerable authority for a page in the history of ancient Israel.

¶ The Poet is the rock of defence for human nature; an upholder and preserver, carrying everywhere with him relationship and love. In spite of differences of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs; in spite of things silently gone out of mind, and things violently destroyed; the Poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth, and over all time.²

2. But what is the moral standard which Deborah acknowledges when she praises the act of Jael, and according to what standard is her praise given? It is evident that this makes all the difference in the nature of the praise, and upon the question whether it was praise in the fullest sense or not.

This praise is obviously given, then, according to the standard of the time, as involved in the dispensation of the time, publicly received in the Israelitish body of that day as a religious community. This was the only standard which was known to Deborah; and it was impossible that she should give her praise upon any other.

The revelation which is made in Scripture is made up of different dispensations; and different successive manifestations of God's will and character. The only dispensation which was known to Deborah was the dispensation under which she lived—the dispensation under which the Israelites established themselves in Canaan. But this dispensation was in no disagreement whatever with the estimate of the act of Jael as a virtuous and a right act. It was a dispensation which supposed a defective state of moral ideas in the people, and which required for its own reception an erroneous standard of morals. The praise therefore bestowed under that dispensation upon a particular act did not imply moral correctness, according to a universal standard, in that act; did not satisfy the Bible as a whole, because it satisfied a part of the Bible. Deborah represented the dispensation of the time, and Jael satisfied the dispensation of the time. Deborah's praise, therefore, was worthily given; but it did not imply its being given according to a universal standard.

¶ Of Jael, Mary Slessor says, 'not a womanly woman, a sorry story; would God not have showed her a better way if she had asked?' And of part of Deborah's song she remarks, 'Fine poetry, poor morality.'³

¶ John Bright was once walking with one of his sons—then a schoolboy—past the Guards' Monument in Waterloo-place. The boy caught sight of the solitary word 'CRIMEA' inscribed on the base, and asked his father what it meant. Bright's answer was as emphatic as the inscription: 'A crime.' It was indeed a crime, a grave, a disastrous, and a wanton crime, that committed Christian England to a war in defence of the great anti-Christian Power. 'I have never,' said George Anthony Denison, in *Notes of My Life*, 'I have never forgotten the day when I saw the Cross and the Crescent on the same flag in the streets of London . . . With whom remained the honours of the Crimean War? With whom the substantial success? I believe both to have remained with Russia. On one side was Russia; on the other, England, France, Italy, and Turkey. Russia could not save her city, but she saved her honour, and was content to wait, and bide her time.' Now that, sixty years later, we are fighting side by side with Russia, it is a pleasure to recall those words.⁴

¹ P. Hume Brown, *History of Scotland*, ii. 321.

² W. Wordsworth.

³ Mary Slessor of Calabar, 299.

⁴ G. W. E. Russell, *The Spirit of England*, 28.

3. If it were certain that the words, 'Blessed above women shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be, blessed shall she be above women in the tent,' were spoken by one who was inspired in this, as in other utterances, to express the mind of God, we should have no alternative but to bow the head in submission before an unintelligible mystery; unintelligible because to our finite mind it certainly involved a grave contradiction to what is elsewhere revealed about the Divine character. But there are reasons which seem to justify us in believing that it is not necessary to assume such an attitude for the right understanding of the benediction.

There is another interpretation of Deborah's prediction, which, if it can be maintained, entirely removes the necessity of justifying her in saying that Jael would be blessed for her deed; for Deborah is only expressing her conviction that Jael would earn the lasting gratitude and benediction of the women, whose maternal instincts had been ruthlessly outraged by the scourge from whom by her assassination she had delivered their country. There was not a woman in the land who would not rejoice that she had avenged their shame and wrong. In the eyes of every 'mother in Israel' Sisera was the incarnation of lust and rapine; hated and dreaded, not because he had laid waste their husbands' fields or burned their houses and plundered their cattle, but because in every incursion he had seized their daughters, and, as we said, carried them off for a life of degradation and dishonour. We know how 'the mother of Sisera,' in her son's harem, 'looked out of her window' for his triumphant return; how she and her attendants wondered whether he had failed to carry off the Jewish maidens for his soldiers. 'Have they not sped? have they not divided the prey; to every man a damsel or two?' This it was that stirred the righteous indignation of the mothers in Israel, and made Deborah sure that every woman in the land would honour the memory of Sisera's murderess; and we need feel no surprise, provided she was only giving vent to a woman's feelings, under the circumstances we have described, at hearing her declare that 'Jael should be blessed by the women in the tent.'

I of the bleeding heart, bent head, and stricken tongue,
Old, old with years, and honours, and despairs,
Watch them go forth to fight and die, last heirs
And children of my womb, the happy young.

I took the challenge, by the oppressors flung,
I and my peers,—and far my beacon flares,
'Up, up, ye lion cubs, from out your lairs!'
Wide o'er the world my cry of need has rung.

They came, my splendid daughters—to the fray—
India and Australasia and the Isles,
Swart Afric, and my swift cold Canada—
With ardour, and with laughter and with smiles;
And, though my every son of Britain fall,
With these no man shall hold me as a thrall.¹

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Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

Flitting.

'And the children of Israel removed.'—Nu 33st.
'Here we have no continuing city.'—He 13th.

1. What a month May is! It brings everything with it to make us happy—the new green dresses of the trees, nest building, the singing of the blackbird, the apple blossom, lovely spring flowers. Then we have only to get away out to the country fields to feel all the delicious scents of Nature. In May, too, it is long daylight; and every boy and girl knows that no outdoor games are so enjoyable as those they play in the early summer evenings after their lessons are learnt. We grown-up people

¹ Dorothy Frances Gurney, in *The Fiery Cross*, 37.

can remember the glorious fun of our Saturdays in May. Truly, the world may be a very delightful place to live in.

2. But May brings more than flowers. It brings something that mother does not like—the furniture wagon. Going along a city street on the 28th of the month, you see here and there collections of house furniture on the pavement, ready to be put into a covered wagon or on to a cart. If we were allowed inside any of the houses from which furniture is being carried, we should in all probability see the mother looking very worried indeed, while the boys of the family might be enjoying themselves to the full outside—I once saw quite a crowd of little fellows riding on the shafts of a furniture wagon.

One special circumstance I remember in connection with a flitting-day was hearing a caged blackbird singing most beautifully. The cage was hung in an open window—a window belonging to the very house where a flitting was going on. But you may be sure the mother there would have no ears for the lovely song; and I believe she would forget there was such a thing as apple-blossom in the garden and may-blossom down by the river. No mother likes flitting day.

3. There are some beautiful stories about removals in the Bible. You remember how Abraham had to flit—first from Ur of the Chaldees, and then from Haran. I believe he felt a sort of calm happiness the morning he left Haran. He had heard the voice of God saying—‘Get thee out of thy country.’ Sarai would be the one to feel sorry; an eastern woman loves her home, even if that home should only be a tent. Afterwards, the children of Israel removed very often. Their flittings must have been easy, for they had very little furniture, and they were full of hope. They were flitting from a place where they had been oppressed to a land where they were promised freedom. I can imagine the mothers amongst *them* being pleased. Every other day they would be seeing some new place. Even when they were really making very little progress the moving about gave them the impression that somehow they were getting on. In these cases flitting was part of God’s plan.

A flitting may mean something very serious, even to you boys and girls. It is a common thing for children to have to go to a new school if their parents flit. Some of you may already know what

this means. At first the new school seemed very interesting; but one day you found yourself in trouble; you looked round for your old chum, and he wasn’t there. How you missed him; for you used to tell him all your secrets. The boys in the playground too seemed altogether different from your old classmates. Some of them, you felt, were better than yourself. But all the time your heart was elsewhere.

4. We are all meant to flit. Flitting is a law of life. April goes to May, May to June, and so on. And we are not even allowed to remain in this world. I know a very lovely story about the last flitting of all. It was told of an old woman called Janet. She lived in a lonely hut on a Scottish moor, and was dying at last. She breathed heavily and, it seemed, painfully. Her brown old Bible lay open on the counterpane. The minister came just in time. ‘And hoo is’t wi’ ye the noo, Janet?’ he enquired, bending over her wrinkled but radiant face. ‘It’s a’ weel, it’s bonnie,’ she cried; ‘but, man, I’m a wee confused wi’ the flittin’!’ What a blessing it would be if every one of us felt like that when it was time to go. With old Janet death was just like the flutter and worry of a house-flitting. Boys and girls, if we have God as our friend, why should it be otherwise with us?

II.

The Right Kind of Feet.

‘He speaketh with his feet.’—Pr 6¹⁸.

‘Feet was I to the lame.’—Job 29¹⁵.

To-day I am going to talk about the right kind of feet; and this time we have two texts, one in Proverbs and the other in Job. We shall take the text in Proverbs first—‘He speaketh with his feet.’

At first sight I am sure you will think this is a very queer text. The writer of the verse seems to have got hold of things by the wrong end. You would have expected him to say, ‘He speaketh with his mouth,’ or ‘He speaketh with his tongue.’ If he had written, ‘He speaketh with his eyes,’ you would have seen some sense in it, for people, you know, can say a lot by a glance; or if he had told us, ‘He speaketh with his hands,’ you would not have been surprised, because you have seen people who are deaf and dumb talk with their fingers; but how can any one speak with their feet?

If you look back to the twelfth verse you will see

who 'he' is. He is the 'naughty person,' and he makes signs to his accomplices by 'shuffling'—as the margin of the revised version tells us—with his feet. The shuffle is a sort of agreed signal between them, and when they hear it his friends know what he means to say just as well as if he had spoken so many words.

But it isn't only the 'naughty person' who speaks with his feet. We all speak with our feet every day of our lives; in fact our feet really give away quite a number of secrets about us.

I. First, our feet tell *who we are*. Have you ever noticed that you can often know who has come into a room or who is going upstairs just by the sound of the step. Even shoes sometimes tell tales. When Robert Louis Stevenson was a boy he sometimes went to visit his grandfather at the Manse of Colinton, near Edinburgh. There he used to meet some jolly cousins, and the children had great times together in the manse garden. But the old grandfather was very strict and very particular that no footprints should be left on the flower-beds. It was whispered that every night he went round examining the little muddy shoes which had been left out to be cleaned, and that he was ready to fit them into any tracks which had been left in the flower-beds. So the children were very careful where they stepped.

2. Another way in which our feet speak is by telling *what we are feeling*. When we are happy they skip and run, when we are sad and dull, or unwilling to go to school, they drag. When we are angry they stamp.

3. Again, our feet tell *our characters*. I know the boy who is aimless and lazy by his loitering step. I know the boy who has a purpose in life, and means to be a man, by the way he puts down his feet.

Now, if our feet give away so many secrets about us, it is very important that we should have the right kind of feet. What are your feet saying about you?

Well, I hope they are *firm feet*—feet that tell that you know your own mind and that you won't be easily made to go just wherever any foolish companion wants you to go.

I hope they are *swift feet*—feet that are ready to run on a moment's notice and to come back in the shortest possible time.

And I hope they are *reverent feet*—feet that tread

softly in God's house, or where there is sorrow or pain.

But, most of all, I hope they are *helpful feet*—and that is why I have chosen the second text, 'Feet was I to the lame.'

It was Job who spoke these words. You know he was a man who had had a great many troubles and had lost his children and his possessions. He was looking back to the days of his prosperity, and one of the things he was able to say about himself was that he had been feet to the lame.

Now what did he mean by that? Well, I think he just meant that he had helped the lame people to get what they wanted: when they couldn't run, he had run for them: he had helped lame dogs over stiles.

There are lots of lame dogs going about the world. Not only are there those who have lost a limb or lost the power of a limb, but there are the old people who are too frail to run and who need young feet to run for them. And there are people who are lame in other ways. There are people who are stupid: we can help them to understand their difficulties. There are people who find it very hard to be good: we can make it a little easier for them by believing the best that is in them. There are those who are sad or sorry or sick: we can help them to bear their pain by trying to cheer them.

Two thousand years ago there lived a Man in Galilee who went about doing good, and of Him it might be truly said that He was 'feet to the lame.'

Wherever He went sick people became well, sad people became glad, sinful people good, and weak people became strong. And at last He went where no one else could go, because He alone of all that dwelt on earth could walk aright. He went to Calvary so that we, who were lamed by sin, might henceforth be able to walk straight.

We can never have the 'right kind of feet' until Jesus takes our poor crooked, sin-spoiled feet in His hands and makes them whole, and we can never be sure we are walking in the right path until we ask Him to direct our ways.

III.

Another volume of nature studies appears this month. Its title is *Nature Talks for Primary Workers* (Allenson; 1s. net). The author is May Coley. Let us give the first of all the talks by way of example.

A STORY ABOUT BABY LEAF-BUDS.

'Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree-top.'

OBJECTS FOR DEMONSTRATION.—A picture of a Baby in a cradle. A twig taken from a Beech tree in January, showing the spiral leaf-buds. A leaf-bud opened and showing the golden-brown scales, and the tiny, silky green leaf within. A picture of a tree in spring or summer-time.

Once upon a time it was cold and windy just as it is to-day; oh, so cold, and oh, so windy!

'Need I go out, mother?' said Molly. 'It's so cold, and I'm not very big. I think the wind will blow me away.'

Then mother laughed. 'Oh no, the wind will help you to grow strong, and so will the cold. Run and fetch your warm coat and cap, and I'll take you for a lovely walk and—I'll tell you a story. But first I must put baby to bed.'

'Hush-a-bye, baby,' sang mother, and as the tiny eyelids closed she put baby into his cot and off he went to bye-bye.

'It must be so warm in a cradle,' said Molly.

'Yes, it is,' mother answered, 'and I'm going to tell you about the cosy little cradles in the trees, where the tiny baby leaves lie asleep.'

Should you like to hear the story Molly listened to? Ah, yes, I know you would. All your dear little eyes are saying, 'Yes, please,' as well as your rosy lips.

Let's pretend we are going for a walk as Molly did. It is very cold and the trees are so brown and bare. Where have all the leaves gone? Why, the wind blew them away last autumn. They fell on the ground, the rain came and soaked them, and then they sank deeper into the earth, where the good little worms bite them up and turn them into more rich earth where flowers can grow.

Soon the bare trees will be covered with leaves. Where do they come from, these lovely new leaves? Look up into this Beech tree. 'I can't see any leaves,' you say. No, but what can you see?

'I can see lots of branches; big branches and little branches.'

Well, let me break off a little branch and show you. What are those funny little things at the tips of all the little stems? They are golden-brown, and shaped like slender, spiral shells. Can you guess what they are?

They are cradles! 'Cradles!' you say.

'Oh, what funny cradles. Then where's the baby?'

Well, the baby is inside, but it is wrapped up in so many blankets that we can't see it. Shall I take them off? I must do it with a pen-knife. I think we will call the outside covers the cradle, and the inside ones the blankets, though grown-up people call them all scales. Oh, dear, what a lot of brown blankets to wrap one little baby in! One, two, three, four, five, six. The cradle is smooth and shining, and that keeps the wet out, for the raindrops slide off it. The blankets keep the cold out. Whenever shall we get to the baby? Seven, eight, nine, ten. Can you count up to twenty, and more?

Ah, here's the baby—a little, tiny, baby leaf-spray, so pretty and so green. Oh, you lovely, lovely little baby! What pretty silvery hair you have. God has made you very lovely, and He has given you lots and lots of blankets and such a cosy cradle. You are a little leaf-spray wrapped up in scales. Look, children, there are lots of leaf-buds, lots of cradles on the branch. Look at the Beech tree. There are hundreds and hundreds of baby leaf-buds up there. Do you see how the wind shakes the branches? Let us sing a little song, something like mothers sing to their babies:

'Hush-a-bye leaf-buds on the tree-top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock.
Though the boughs bend you never will fall,
God watches over leaf-buds and all.'

Do you know who wakes the baby leaves and tells them when it is time to get up? God does. He sends the wind to rock the cradles, and then, in March and April, when the babies and the cradles have grown bigger, He will send the sun to kiss the babies awake. Then the blankets will fall to the ground and we shall be able to pick them up, and we shall look up into the trees and say, 'Happy birthday, little leaf-babies. We are so glad to see you. Thank you for waking up and making the bare trees so green and lovely.' If God takes such care of little leaf-babies, I'm sure He will take care of us.

Point and Illustration.

The Bishop of London has issued another volume. Its title is *The Potter and the Clay* (Wells Gardner; 2s. 6d. net). First there are eight good sermons with a wonderful amount of thinking and food for

thought in each of them, considering their shortness. Next there are three addresses to the Clergy, on 'Messengers,' 'Physicians,' and 'Fishers of Men.' Then there is an address to Girls, on 'What a Girl can do in a Day of God'; and an address to Boys, on 'The Effect of the Holy Ghost on Human Character.' And lastly there is an essay on 'The War and Religion.' And from first to last, whoever the auditor and whatever the subject, there is a fine combination of concreteness and imagination. The speaker touches reality—the reality of the War above all else—in every utterance; yet every utterance lifts the hard facts of the daily experience into the very presence of eternity and the eternal God.

The Bishop of London quotes poetry freely. And not only a verse—he has that on every second page—but whole long poems. We shall repeat two of his poems. The first appeared in the *Spectator*, the second was contributed by Mr. Barry Pain to the *Westminster Gazette*.

CHRIST IN FLANDERS.

We had forgotten You, or very nearly—
You did not seem to touch us very nearly.

Of course we thought about You now and then,
Especially in any time of trouble:

We knew that You were good in time of trouble—
But we are very ordinary men.

And there were always other things to think of—
There's lots of things a man has got to think of—

His work, his home, his pleasure, and his wife;
And so we only thought of You on Sunday—
Sometimes, perhaps, not even on a Sunday—
Because there's always lots to fill one's life.

And, all the while, in street or lane or byway—
In country lane, in city street or byway—

You walked among us, and we did not see.
Your feet were bleeding as You walked our
pavements—

How *did* we miss Your footprints on our pavements—

Can there be other folk as blind as we?

Now we remember, over here in Flanders—
(It isn't strange to think of You in Flanders)—

This hideous warfare seems to make things clear.
We never thought about You much in England—
But now that we are far away from England,

We have no doubts, we know that You are here.

You helped us pass the jest along the trenches—
Where, in cold blood, we waited in the trenches—

You touched its ribaldry and made it fine.
You stood beside us in our pain and weakness—
We're glad to think You understood our weakness;
Somehow it seems to help us not to whine.

We think about You kneeling in the Garden
Ah, God! the agony of that dread Garden—

We know You prayed for us upon the Cross.
If anything could make us glad to bear it,
'Twould be the knowledge that You willed to
bear it—

Pain—death—the uttermost of human loss.

Though we forgot You, You will not forget us—
We feel so sure that You will not forget us—

But stay with us until this dream is past.
And so we ask for courage, strength, [and
pardon—

Especially, I think, we ask for pardon—

And that You'll stand beside us to the last.

THE ARMY OF THE DEAD.

I dreamt that overhead
I saw in twilight grey
The Army of the Dead
Marching upon its way,
So still and passionless,
With faces so serene,
That scarcely could one guess
Such men in war had been.

No mark of hurt they bore,
Nor smoke, nor bloody stain;
Nor suffered any more
Famine, fatigue, or pain;
Nor any lust of hate
Now lingered in their eyes—
Who have fulfilled their fate,
Have lost all enmities.

A new and greater pride
So quenched the pride of race
That foes marched side by side
Who once fought face to face.
That ghostly army's plan
Knows but one race, one rod—
All nations there are Man,
And the one King is God.

No longer on their ears
The bugle's summons falls;
Beyond these tangled spheres
The Archangel's trumpet calls;
And by that trumpet led
Far up the exalted sky,
The Army of the Dead
Goes by, and still goes by.

Look upward, standing mute;
Salute!

The Bookshelf by the Fire.

BY THE REV. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A., PROFESSOR OF PASTORAL THEOLOGY,
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VI.

John Evelyn's Diary.

It is good to think that John Evelyn's *Diary* is not yet a forgotten book. Mr. Austin Dobson's noble edition,¹ though it is to be feared that it brought small gain either to editor or to publishers, was issued in 1906; in 1907 the *Diary* was included in *Everyman's Library*, with a preface by Mr. George W. E. Russell, and reprinted in 1911; and still more recently Mr. T. R. Glover has made it the theme of one of his pleasant essays in *Poets and Puritans*. To the student of seventeenth-century life and literature the book needs no introduction; it is a contemporary document of inestimable value for his knowledge of that period. But it is much more than this, and its rich human interest gives to it a much wider appeal. Of course it is sometimes dull, as diaries are wont to be in which all manner of trivial things find a place. But if the reader is sometimes bored with what he thinks the wealth of unnecessary detail, especially in the account of the author's 'grand tour' in the first volume,² he has the remedy in his own hands; he can turn the page confident that it will not be long before his interest will revive. And indeed, when we remember that Evelyn began his diary when he was a mere child and continued it to the last month of his long life, the wonder rather is that the dead pages in it are so few. Evelyn, it must be remembered, with all his many gifts, was not a man of genius; and though, on occasion, when he is moved beyond his wont, his style rises to an eloquence which is the more impressive because of its gravity and restraint,³ in the main it is, though always clear and straightforward, without distinction. The interest of the book for us to-day lies mainly in this, that it enables us to read the history of a

large part of the most stirring century in our long national annals through the eyes of a typical Royalist gentleman of the best sort, intelligent, grave, upright, and God-fearing.

I.

John Evelyn was born at Wotton, near Dorking, in Surrey, in 1620; he died and was buried in the church there eighty-six years later. Merely to recall the monarchs under whom he lived is sufficient to remind us how momentous were the days in which his lot was cast. When he was born James I. had still five years to reign. The reign of the first Charles, the great Civil War, the Commonwealth—all had come and gone by the time he was forty. He saw the return of the Stuarts, the second Charles and the second James; he saw their final downfall at the Revolution which set William and Mary on the throne; and he had still four years of his long life left when Queen Anne began her reign.

We have a no less striking index to the character of Evelyn's century in the famous events of which he was an eye-witness and his *Diary* is the record. Never wavering from youth to old age in his Royalist sympathies, he notes the opening of the Long Parliament as 'the beginning of all our sorrows for twenty years after.' He was present in the great Hall at Westminster to hear the trial of Strafford, and again on Tower Hill to see 'the fatal stroke which severed the wisest head in England from the shoulders of the Earl'—'to such exorbitancy were things arrived.' Eight years later Charles I. suffered the same fate, but Evelyn, too horror-stricken to be present at such 'execrable wickedness,' 'kept the day of his martyrdom a fast.' Another twelve years and the wheel had come full circle: 'This day,' writes Evelyn, on January 30, 1661, '(O stupendous and inscrutable judgments of God) were the carcasses of those arch-rebels Cromwell, Bradshaw (the judge who condemned His Majesty), and Ireton (son-in-law

¹ Published by Macmillan in three vols.

² The references throughout are to Mr. Austin Dobson's edition.

³ See, for example, the passage on the death of his son Richard (Jan. 27th, 1657-8), and again on the death of Mrs. Margaret Godolphin (Sept. 9th, 1678).

of the Usurper), dragged out of their superb tombs in Westminster among the Kings, to Tyburn, and hung on the gallows there from nine in the morning till six at night, and then buried under that fatal and ignominious monument in a deep pit; thousands of people who had seen them in all their pride being spectators. Look back to October 22, 1658 [the day of Cromwell's funeral] and be astonished! and fear God and honour the King; but meddle not with them who are given to change!' Evelyn was an eye-witness of the deadly havoc wrought both by the Great Plague and by the Great Fire of London. He notes how, during the former, he was 'environed with multitudes of poor pestiferous creatures begging alms; the shops universally shut up, a dreadful prospect!' His account of the Great Fire, when he says he saw 'above ten thousand houses all in one flame,'—a great sea of fire 'two miles in length and one in breadth,'—is too long for quotation here, but is one of the most vivid bits of narrative in the whole book. Close on the heels of these disasters came the humiliations of the Dutch War, when Evelyn saw what no Englishman has seen since, an enemy's fleet burning and destroying in the Thames itself. But it is impossible to particularize further. The infamy of Titus Oates and Judge Jeffreys, two men of whom it would be hard to say which better deserves to be called the wickedest man in English history; the ill-fated rebellion of Monmouth; the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, with all that it meant for the unhappy Protestants of France; the courageous protest of the Six Bishops—all these, with fifty other famous things of long ago, pass in quick succession before our eyes as we turn the pages of Evelyn's minute and faithful record.

II.

It is always interesting in a work like Evelyn's to note what the writer has to say about his famous contemporaries. Now Evelyn had unusual opportunities of getting to know most of the men and women of his day whom we still care to hear about. Kings and bishops, scholars and saints, poets and politicians, men of high degree and low—he was on terms of easy familiarity with them all. He was one of the first secretaries, and might have been the president, of the famous Royal Society, and he lived just long enough to be elected a member of the Society for the Propaga-

tion of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.¹ And if, as Mr. Glover says, his judgments of men are not very profound, they have at least this value, that they reveal the average mind of the generation.

Evelyn's opinion of Cromwell may be inferred from the passage which has already been quoted. In his eyes Cromwell is simply 'the pretended Protector,' 'the arch-rebel,' 'the Usurper'; he likens him to 'the Apostate Julian'; on the day of his funeral the entry in the *Diary* reads: 'It was the joyfullest funeral I ever saw; for there were none that cried but dogs, which the soldiers hooted away with a barbarous noise.' On the other hand, Charles I. is 'that excellent Prince,' 'our blessed martyr,' whose death was an 'execrable murder,' to be expiated by an annual solemn fast and day of national humiliation. The return of Charles II., 'after a most bloody and unreasonable rebellion of near twenty years,' makes 1660 for Evelyn the *annus mirabilis* of English history.

The references in the *Diary* to seventeenth-century men of letters are disappointingly meagre. We get a glimpse of Thomas Hobbes, the famous philosopher of Malmesbury, with whom Evelyn twice tells us he was long acquainted, but nothing is added to our knowledge either of him or of his 'pernicious doctrines.' Mention is made occasionally of 'Mr. Dryden the poet' and of his plays, but again, beyond a lament over the licentiousness of one of these, and a scornful allusion to Dryden's reported conversion to the Church of Rome,—'no great loss,'—he has nothing to tell us. Another page records the diarist's visit to 'that famous scholar and physician, Dr. T. Browne, author of the *Religio Medici*, now lately knighted,' whose house and garden at Norwich, 'being a paradise and cabinet of rareties,' filled him with delight. To Milton, though Evelyn and he were contemporaries for more than half a century, the *Diary* has but two brief allusions, and these must be given in full:

'24th October [1663]. Mr. Edward Phillips came to be my son's preceptor; this gentleman was nephew to Milton, who wrote against Salmasius's *Defensio*; but was not at all infected with his principles, though brought up by him.'

'2nd June [1686]. New Judges here, among which was Milton, a Papist, (brother to that Milton who wrote for the Regicides).'

¹ The S.P.G. was founded in 1702, the Royal Society in 1662.

The second of these entries, it should be noted, is nearly twenty years later than *Paradise Lost*, and nearly fifty later than *Lycidas*. The truth is, and Evelyn helps us to realize it, that Milton's immense reputation with his contemporaries rested mainly not on his poems but on huge controversial pamphlets of which to-day not one in ten thousand of his fellow-countrymen can tell even the names.

Among all his many acquaintances none seem to have interested Evelyn more than the preachers and divines of his day. He was a most devout and regular worshipper, and notes on the preachers whom he heard, their texts and their sermons, are scattered freely throughout the whole *Diary*. He had of course little love for the Puritans, especially of the Independent variety: usurpers, novices, canters, fanatics — what right had they in the pulpits of the land? But Anglican doctrine and Anglican worship were always dear to him, and most of the Anglican divines of the century — Ussher, Cosin, Pearson, South, Tillotson, Stillingfleet, Jeremy Taylor, Barrow, Burnet, Ken — find a place in his *Diary*. Sometimes too, though he must usually have been what is called 'a good hearer,' and is never fierce except against the Puritans whom his soul hated, he dips his pen in acid, even with an Anglican in the pulpit. 'This worthy person's talent,' he writes of an earl's brother, 'is not preaching, but he is like to make a grave and serious good man.' On another occasion, when he has been listening to a Greek professor from Cambridge, the entry is, 'No great preacher, but a very worthy and learned man.' A sermon of one Dr. Brideoake, Bishop of Chichester, pleased him still less: 'A mean discourse for a bishop.' And how the ears of 'the minister of Althorp' would have tingled if he could have read this: 'Dr. Jeffryes preached the shortest discourse I ever heard; but what was defective in the amplitude of his sermon he supplied in the largeness and convenience of the parsonage house'!

III.

Another no less interesting use of the *Diary* which we may make is to mark the signs of national progress, material, intellectual, and moral, in the years that divide us from it. Here are a few random jottings.

Those who like to mark the first use of now

familiar things may note with Evelyn the introduction into England of coffee and of skates. In this day of huge battleships the eye is naturally caught by an entry like this:

'On the 19th July we went to Chatham to see the *Royal Sovereign*, a glorious vessel of burden lately built there, being for defence and ornament the richest that ever spread cloth before the wind. She carried an hundred brass cannon and was 1200 tons.' And what a different England from ours it must have been when Evelyn could write of Norwich as 'this ancient city, being one of the largest, and certainly, after London, one of the noblest of England'! The Royal Society, as we have seen, was founded in 1662, but science had not yet banished superstition, for only two years before, Evelyn tells us, Charles II. 'began first to touch for the evil,' and he goes on to give a full account of the ceremony.¹ These, too, were the days of cruel 'butcherly sports,'² when murderers were publicly burnt at Smithfield, and prisoners whipped at the cart's tail through the streets of London. But it is perhaps in his pictures of Court life that we see most clearly the change for the better which has come over the social life of England since the days of the Stuarts. Evelyn's language for the most part is very cautious, and we sometimes sigh for a whiff of the hot indignation which blazed out so fiercely against the hated Puritans; but not all his Royalist sympathies could conceal from him the character of the vile, dissolute crew that Charles II. gathered about him in his Court at Whitehall. One short passage, the more striking for the tragic note (not often heard in the *Diary*) on which it ends, may be quoted; it was written on the night of the gay monarch's death:

'I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening) which this day se'nnight I was witness of, the King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarin, etc., a French boy singing love-songs, in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other

¹ See note on July 6th, 1660.

² Evelyn tells how in the Bear Garden at Southwark he 'saw cock-fighting, dog-fighting, bear and bull-baiting. . . . One of the bulls tossed a dog full into a lady's lap as she sat in one of the boxes.' No wonder he adds, 'I most heartily weary of the rude and dirty pastime.'

dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2000 in gold before them; upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflections with astonishment. Six days after, was all in the dust.'

But if in many ways the years have brought a new and better order, in others, the curious reader of the *Diary* will note, it is the thing that hath been that still is. Here, for example, is Evelyn declaiming against the 'mad intemperance' of an age bent on making a bigger London, 'by far too disproportionate already to the nation,' and proposing expedients for abating the nuisance of its smoke! Or take this: 'Set out for Paris. . . . At Dover, money to the searchers and officers was as authentic as the hand and seal of Bradshaw himself, [president of the Council under Cromwell] where I had not so much as my trunk opened'; or this: 'This was the very first suit at law that ever I had with any creature, and oh that it might be the last!'; or this again: 'I went to congratulate the marriage of Mrs. Gardner, maid of honour, lately married to that odd person, Sir Henry Wood: but riches do many things.' How oddly modern and familiar it all sounds! London smoke, tourists' tips, the delays of the law, marrying for money; as it was in the beginning—verily, there is nothing new under the sun.

IV.

I have left to the last, and with little room to write of it, what for some readers will be the most interesting thing in the *Diary*—the light which it casts on the mind and character of the author himself. Evelyn was a virtuoso of the first water, and lost no opportunity of seeing or hearing any new thing. He had not simply an intelligent man's interest in interesting people, and places, and things, but—to use Kipling's phrase—a 'satieable curiosity' for whatsoever things are freakish and odd. A sheep with six legs, and a goose with four; a tame lion whose tongue felt 'rough like a cat's'; a woman nearly seven feet high, and another all covered with hair; the prodigious feats of a famous fire-eater, and of a troupe of performing monkeys at a fair—he is as interested in them all as any gaping schoolboy, and all find a place in the *Diary*. You can almost hear the mischievous chuckle with which he tells how a famous old Scottish

marquis¹ mistook the turtle-doves in an aviary for owls!

But deeper than any other interest in Evelyn's life lay his devotion to religion and to the English Church. He was neither Papist nor Puritan. He took his first sacrament according to the Anglican ritual before he was seventeen, and through all the testing days of the Civil War and the Commonwealth he never for a moment wavered in his affection for the Church of his choice. On his tomb is recorded, by his own desire, his conviction 'that all is vanity that is not honest, and that there is no solid wisdom but in real piety.' To the reality of this conviction the *Diary* is the best witness. His regularity at public worship, his reverence for the Holy Communion, his frequent prayers, his resignation under suffering, his diligent 'trussing up to be gone' as the end drew nigh, and not less than these the *Diary* itself, alike in what it relates and what it omits, are all the marks of a deep and unaffected piety.

Mr. G. W. E. Russell, in his brief preface to the *Diary* in *Everyman's Library*, uses Evelyn to prove that, as Mr. J. H. Shorthouse says, the Cavalier was not invariably a drunken brute, nor were spiritual life and growth the exclusive possession of Puritans and Ascetics. It might, I think, be fairly argued that Evelyn was neither Cavalier nor Puritan, but something of both. In his practical temper he was certainly more in sympathy with a Puritan like Colonel Hutchinson, for example, than with the average Cavalier of the Commonwealth period. But, however that may be, we can assure Mr. Russell that no modern Puritan desires to claim for his spiritual ancestors any monopoly of goodness. Indeed, when one recalls the strange inability of many of those who sit on Mr. Russell's side of the House to do justice to a Puritan of even the intellectual and moral height of Milton, one may wonder if his remonstrance has not been sent to the wrong address. But in this matter perhaps we all live in glass houses, and it were better to throw no stones. On whichever side our sympathies lie, if we read Evelyn's *Diary* we shall all alike give thanks that, in an age when so many had defiled their garments, one man still walked with God in white, even amid the lewdness of the Stuart Court at Whitehall.

¹ The Argyle of Scott's *Legend of Montrose*.

Two Exegetical Notes on St. Paul.

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II.

Colossians ii. 10-15.

THE theosophy which was being urged upon the Colossians laid more emphasis upon the elemental spirits (*τὰ στοιχεῖα*) of this world than upon Christ (*2⁸*). We know from Gal *4⁸*. *8-10* that Paul associated elemental spirits with both Judaism and Paganism. In the former, he evidently identified them with angels, having in view the innumerable angelic beings connected in current Jewish thought with natural forces, of which we have ample evidence in the Apocalypses. In the latter, he would be acquainted with the extraordinary place given to planetary and other spirits as influencing the affairs of men. Now angel-worship is one of the most distinct features in the curious blend of Judaism with an apparently incipient form of Gnosticism which was claiming the adherence of the young Christian community at Colossæ (*2¹⁶⁻¹⁸*). So there can be little doubt that when he speaks of *πάσης ἀρχῆς καὶ ἐξουσίας* (*2¹⁰*), and of *τὰς ἀρχὰς καὶ τὰς ἐξουσίας* (*2¹⁵*), he has in view those incorporeal beings which, in themselves, might be considered as non-moral, but which the Apostle had come to regard as evil rather than good, because they seemed to contest the supremacy with Christ. In the propaganda at Colossæ they were brought into line with a scheme of genuine legalism, consisting in elaborate rules of abstinence and the institution of sacred days, which were regulated by the movements of the planets. But long before this Paul was accustomed to look upon angels as sponsors for the Law, and in his letter to the Galatians (*3¹⁹*) he had used that idea for the express purpose of disparaging legalism. In the Colossian theosophy it is probable that these angelic powers were introduced as mediators to bridge the gulf between the Most High God and frail humanity, and there is nothing to forbid the hypothesis that here already we have an approximation to the series of æons or emanations so minutely developed in some of the later Gnostic systems. That, indeed, seems the natural implication of the statement regarding the *πλήρωμα* in v. *9*, even if the term has not yet been appropriated

to describe the plenitude of power concentrated in the supreme Deity, but distributed among intermediate spiritual forces which become less divine and more largely infected with earthliness as they approach the material world in order to help mortal man to ascend through them to God.

In opposition to such speculations, Paul boldly appeals to the inclusion in Christ of the entire Fullness of the Divine Nature in bodily or organized form (*2⁹*, *σωματικῶς*). The latter term is difficult. Perhaps it is intended to impress upon his readers that in Christ, the historical Head of the new humanity, they reach a concrete apprehension of what God is and does. In any case, the next clause (v. *10*), which introduces our special passage, lays stress on the completeness, the Divine completeness, of the life which Christians attain in fellowship with Christ. With a brief reference to Christ's full sway over every member of the hierarchy of spiritual powers in which the Colossians are being exhorted to confide, Paul goes on to remind them of the experiences through which their Christian life had passed.

At this point a controverted question emerges. 'In him,' says the Apostle, 'you were actually circumcised with a circumcision not hand-made, consisting in the stripping-off of the body of flesh, that is, the circumcision of Christ' (*2¹¹*). It is difficult to understand how some scholars take the words *ἐν τῇ ἀπεκδύσει τοῦ σώματος τῆς σαρκός* as merely explanatory of the idea in *ἀχειροποιήτῳ*. Thus, *e.g.*, Dr. Moffatt translates the phrase: 'with no material circumcision that cuts flesh from the body.' But is it likely that Paul should describe the act of physical circumcision by a phrase which has become technical for one of the central elements in his thought? The same objection seems entirely to preclude the reference of this 'circumcision' to baptism. Paul's phrase receives its precise explanation in Ro *6^{6, 7}*: 'our old man was crucified with him, in order that the *body of sin* (*τὸ σῶμα τῆς ἁμαρτίας*) might be abolished, so that we should no longer be in bondage to sin: for once a man has died he is liberated from the claims of sin.' Another expression of the same idea appears in Ro *8³*: 'God, having sent his own

Son in the likeness of flesh of sin (*σαρκὸς ἁμαρτίας*) and with reference to sin, condemned sin in the flesh.' This is, of course, one of Paul's efforts to elucidate the meaning of the Cross. Christ, by becoming man, entered into the organic life of sin-burdened humanity. This humiliation, which involved exposure to temptation and continual contact with evil, He bore willingly. The climax of the experience was a death of shame. That death Paul describes, in the light of this circle of thought, as God's condemnation of sin in the flesh. The death of the Sinless in His identification with the sinful and in His horror of sin is an exposure of what sin means for the Divine Nature. Sin slew the Son of God, but that meant that He passed out of relation to it, having suffered all that it could inflict, and in so doing triumphed over it once for all in His risen life. In Him as risen, a principle has been disclosed which has given the death-blow to sin. This principle can be appropriated even by those still hampered by the 'body of sin,' when by faith they enter into that intimate union with Christ in which their wills become one with His in dying. Accordingly, in our passage, the 'circumcision not made with hands,' 'the stripping-off of the body of flesh,' and 'the circumcision of Christ' refer primarily to the Cross, and, as applied to believers, are equivalents of what Paul elsewhere describes as 'being crucified with Christ.' They cannot refer to baptism, as has so often been asserted. That is made absolutely clear by Ro 6⁶ taken in close connexion with the present statement. And the same idea is found in a compressed form in Col 1^{21, 22}: 'You who were at one time alienated and enemies [to God] . . . he [God, or, possibly, but not probably, Christ] reconciled in the body of his flesh through death.' The reconciliation was made possible through the annihilation of the principle of sin, first in Christ, the organic Head of the new humanity, then in those who were ideally 'crucified' with Christ.

Now, as has been hinted above, Paul never thinks of 'death to sin' either in Christ's case or in ours without thinking at the same time of 'resurrection to newness of life.' The whole process he saw pictured in the ritual of baptism. And this was not a mere picture. In Ro 6⁴ he describes the rite as 'our baptism into his death.' The phrase is pregnant with meaning. For the early Church, baptism was the crowning testimony to faith, the seal put upon the attitude of the

believer to Christ. It marked the moment when the convert turned his back upon the past with all its associations, and in the eyes of all men identified himself with the community of Christ's followers. The sentence quoted from Romans reminds us of what that identification meant, of the position which in the eyes of the faithful entitled a man to be admitted into the Church. It was nothing less than fellowship with the dying Redeemer in His passing out of all relation to sin, in His liberation from the environment of evil.

The analogy which commended itself to Paul's mind for this decisive and final step was the burial of Christ. That was the proof of death. If He lived again, it must be with a new type of life. The ceremony of baptism provided a remarkable parallel for the Christian. His immersion beneath the baptismal water symbolized and was to him a sacrament of his deliverance from his old environment. Hence Paul, in reminding the Colossians of their connexion with Christ in His crucial experiences, after he has emphasized their fellowship with His death, briefly alludes to their similar fellowship with His burial, a fellowship stamped on their minds in the impressive ordinance of baptism (2^{12a}). This element in their experience is more elaborately set forth in Ro 6^{3, 4}, but on precisely the same lines, and with the same object in view, namely, to prepare for the further representation of their resurrection with Christ.

The connexion of thought, as I have attempted to trace it, makes it almost certain (as against Lightfoot) that the ἐν ᾧ of the next clause in v. 12, like ἐν ᾧ of v. 11 and ἐν αὐτῷ of v. 10, must be referred to Christ and not to baptism. Indeed, one has little doubt that the sentence, συνταφέντες αὐτῷ ἐν τῷ βαπτίσματι, is parenthetical, although that by no means implies that Paul considers it of secondary importance. But while the most natural course is to connect ἐν ᾧ with Χριστοῦ, it may alternatively be linked with αὐτῷ in the parenthesis. There is no instance in Paul's Epistles of baptism being described as the basis or instrument of resurrection with Christ. So that the allusion to it here is a passing one. It is by fellowship with Christ that they were raised in His resurrection (συνηγέρθητε), 'through faith in the working of God who raised him from the dead' (2^{12b, c}). Here, as always for Paul, faith is fundamental. So that even if ἐν ᾧ were strained to

agree with τῷ βαπτίσματι, the vital energy of the spiritual 'resurrection' of Christians is not connected by Paul with any magical efficacy in the rite, but exclusively with faith.

But the subject of the new life of the Christian in communion with the risen Christ has too important a bearing on the present situation of the Colossians to be dismissed at the end of a paragraph. Therefore Paul sets himself afresh to bring out its implications, more especially in view of the perils to which they are exposed. He does not hesitate to repeat what he has said, with far-reaching amplifications: 'You, I say, who were dead by reason of your trespasses and the uncircumcision of your flesh, you he [God] made alive in fellowship with him [Christ]' (2^{13a}). Two points may be noted. The expression here used, 'the uncircumcision of your flesh,' brings out into bold relief what he had called in v.¹¹ 'the circumcision not hand-made, consisting in the stripping-off of the body of flesh.' Their former lives had been diametrically opposed to the attitude and spirit of the crucified Redeemer. There was no renunciation in them. So far from being 'dead' to sin, its principle had the mastery over them. This confirms what was said above as to the meaning of τῇ περιτομῇ τοῦ Χριστοῦ. It is not intended to be a description of baptism, but baptism recognizes it, inasmuch as the former involves the open confession of a definite attitude towards the death of Christ. Further, the presence of σύν in συνεζωοποίησεν immediately followed by its combination with αὐτῷ shows that there is nothing otiose in the linking of συνηγέρθητε ἐν ᾧ above, and that therefore no argument can be drawn from this in favour of relating ᾧ to βαπτίσματι.

The Apostle next proceeds, mainly in a series of participial clauses, to describe the conditions of the new life in Christ. It presupposes (1) God's forgiveness of all our transgressions (2^{13b}); (2) His obliteration of 'the bond for which we were liable, consisting in rules and regulations, that bond which menaced us: that he has completely removed, having nailed it to the cross' (2¹⁴). In Eph 2¹⁵, which belongs to the same circle of ideas, he speaks of Christ as 'having abolished the principle (νόμον) of commandments consisting in rules and regulations (δόγμασιν).' And he obviously has the same result of Christ's activity in view when, in Ro 10⁴, he affirms that 'Christ is the end of the law as a means of attaining

righteousness for every believer.' Once Christ's method has been made plain, the method of legalism ceases to be valid. All this bears directly on the situation at Colossæ. The attempt is being made there to re-introduce a religion of δόγματα, of which examples are given in 2²¹. So that the warning given in vv.^{20, 21}, like that of vv.^{16, 17}, is already implied in the present passage.

The statement of v.¹⁵ is not to be taken merely in connexion with the clause immediately preceding (προσηλώσας κ.τ.λ.). It belongs to the complete idea of v.¹⁴, the removal of the old system of rules and regulations. If this connexion has been missed, it is because readers have ignored the Apostle's association of the legal order with incorporeal beings whom he names in this passage, as often elsewhere, ἀρχαί and ἐξουσίαι. As far back as his First Epistle to the Corinthians he regards these powers as hostile to Christ, for he speaks of Christ as abolishing them (15²⁴). In his letter to the Ephesians, evidently contemporary with Colossians, he declares that the most critical conflict for Christians is with the ἀρχαί, the ἐξουσίαι, the world-rulers of this darkness, the spiritual powers of wickedness in the heavenly regions (Eph 6¹²). Now, in Galatians, one of the disparaging features of the Law to which he refers is its administration by angels (3¹⁹). This was a turning of the tables on his Jewish-Christian opponents, because the introduction of angels in connexion with the giving of the Law was meant to enhance its glory. Even in Stephen's address, when he reminds his audience that they 'received the law by the administration of angels' (Ac 7⁵³), the reference is intended to heighten the culpability of those who have been unfaithful to so wonderful a gift. And when the writer to the Hebrews describes the O.T. legislation as 'the word spoken through angels,' he subordinates it only to that spoken through the Lord (He 2^{2, 3}). But Paul's continued reflexion on what the Law had achieved in dealing with men's religious needs made him less and less tolerant of it. Perhaps this reacted on his conception of the ἀρχαί and ἐξουσίαι. Or, it may be that his attitude towards them intensified his hostility to legalism.

In any case, when we bear all the facts in mind, it is plain that the connexion, recognized in Judaism, between these spiritual powers and the ceremonial Law, precisely suits the purpose of his argument here. The Colossians were being pressed to sub-

mit to a religion of regulations, and alongside of this, perhaps in intimate relation with it, to aim at reaching God through a hierarchy of angelic mediators. Paul has spoken of the abolishing of the Law in Christ crucified, and of the removal thereby from men's minds of a menace which constantly tormented them. But the abolishing of legalism is necessarily the riddance of those powers which superintended it. Accordingly, there is not much difficulty in deciding what the crucial term ἀπεκδυσάμενος (v.¹⁵) means, although it has been the occasion of such endless debate. The subject of the participle must be the same as that of all the verbs in its immediate context—of συνεζωοποίησεν, of χαρισάμενος, of ἐξαλείψας, of ἦρκεν, of προσηλώσας, unless there is good reason to the contrary. From the nature of these actions, that can only be God. In the light of the context it is equally clear to whom the stripping-off of the ἀρχαί and ἐξουσίαι relates. Those who adopt the extraordinary position of making Christ the subject of the verbs in vv.¹³⁻¹⁵ take ἀπεκδυσάμενος κ.τ.λ. to mean that in His victory on the Cross Christ stripped off Himself the inferior powers associated with the maintenance of legalism. Others, who hold to the only tenable view, that God is subject, either press the use of the middle and interpret it of God divesting Himself, in the

death of His Son, of angelic mediators, or give the verb the vague sense of 'despoiling' the powers. But it must be noted that, from beginning to end of the passage which we are studying, the object of all the Divine actions described is humanity, or, rather, Christian believers. Why, then, should the direction of the action be altered with this participle? Are not all the requirements of the context completely met if we supply the same object here and translate: 'having stripped off *us* the powers and authorities, he exposed them publicly, triumphing over them in it [the cross: or, possibly, in him, *i.e.* Christ]'? That is, Christ's victory over legalism; won in the might of God, once for all liberated Christians from the old order and its administrators. In that victory, God made manifest the utter inadequacy of a ceremonial system. 'Is it conceivable,' the Apostle asks, 'that those who have entered upon spiritual freedom should desire to return to bondage?' The passage, which in many respects offers a remarkable parallel to Gal 4¹⁻¹¹, prepares the way for what immediately follows, in the first instance, for the warning against legalistic propagandists (vv.¹⁶⁻¹⁹), and then for the disclosure of their own danger, that of going back upon the momentous step they had taken when they died with Christ to the elemental spirits of the world (2²⁰⁻³⁴).

Literature.

A STUDY IN CHRISTOLOGY.

It is one thing to write a thesis for the degree of doctor in divinity. It is another thing to obtain the degree thereby. It is a third thing and more exceptional to find a publisher willing to issue the thesis in so handsome a royal octavo volume as we receive *A Study in Christology*, by the Rev. Herbert M. Relton, D.D. (S.P.C.K.; 7s. 6d. net). It is a further achievement still to clear the thesis of references and other scaffolding so completely that it may be read with as much enjoyment as any popular theological book. What remains but that it should have an influence on the thought of its time, making the supreme difficulty of the Person of Christ somewhat more intelligible and acceptable?

In the modern study of the Person of Christ

there is nothing more remarkable than the withdrawal of the doctrine of the Kenosis. The time is well within memory when it had captured many of the most energetic theologians in the land. Dr. Relton runs through a list so distinguished and so modern as 'Bruce, Gore, Fairbairn, D. W. Forrest, W. L. Walker, P. T. Forsyth and others.' Its weakening is the more to be regretted that it was so distinctively British—one might even say Scottish, for Bishop Gore's is the only English name in Dr. Relton's list. Dr. Relton is very tender in all his references to it. He is much too tender in his reference to the latest phase of it, that which is to be found in the Bishop of Zanzibar's book, *The One Christ*. He is so attracted by it that it is with reluctance he lets it go—if indeed he does let it go. For, after all the criticism to

which he subjects it, he speaks of his own doctrine of Christ as in some sense a modification of the Kenotic, or self-emptying, theory.

But the title which he prefers for his own doctrine is *Enhypostasia*. The name is due to Leontius of Byzantium. 'Leontius of Byzantium, in his day, had to defend the Chalcedonian Christology, especially against the attacks of those who repudiated the doctrine of the impersonality of Christ's manhood, which was clearly perceived to be an inevitable deduction from the theology of Cyril of Alexandria. Precisely the same difficulties which Leontius endeavoured to meet by his doctrine of the Enhypostasia are confronting us to-day in the task of Christological reconstruction. The Chalcedonian Christology is being subjected to attacks from all sides, and a work similar to that done by Leontius is needed to-day in defence of the Church's belief. This thesis is offered as a tentative contribution to that work.'

The volume is divided into three parts. In the first part Dr. Relton reviews the ancient Christology, giving space at the end to Leontius, and showing how 'the importance of the contribution made by Leontius was recognised in its incorporation into the final formulation of Greek theology made by John of Damascus.' In the second part Dr. Relton considers carefully 'the modern revolt against the Chalcedonian Christology, and more particularly the objections raised against the "Two Natures" hypothesis and the impersonality of Christ's manhood.' In the third part the most recent attempts at Christological reconstruction are discussed, including the Psychological and the Kenotic theories; and then the doctrine of the Enhypostasia is recovered and confirmed by an appeal to the Christ of History and the Christ of Experience.

What is the Enhypostasia? 'The basis of the doctrine is the fact that the Divine Logos, prior to the Incarnation, already possessed everything needful to enable Him to live a truly human life. It is the same conception which was so strong a point in the Apollinarian Christology, namely, that there is in God a human element. His advent, therefore, in the flesh brought to the human nature He assumed, not an alien element such as would render a truly human life for the God-Man an impossibility, but just that which alone could make the life of Christ in every stage of its growth and development a truly and perfectly human life. The Divine Logos was capable of being the Ego,

not only of His Divine but also of His human Nature; because His Personality in virtue of its Divinity already embraced all that is most distinctive of a truly human personality. The human and the Divine are not two contradictory, but two complementary terms, and the less is contained in the greater. His Divine self-consciousness was, in virtue of its Divinity, a truly human self-consciousness. His Ego was Divine—it was also human; therefore it could be the subject of both natures.'

That is Dr. Relton's own explanation, or a portion of it. Let the whole book be read. It is not merely nor is it mainly the advocacy of one particular theory of the Person of Christ. It is an able introduction to the study of Christology.

JOHN AND HIS WRITINGS.

The literature on the life of St. John is incredibly meagre. Why has St. Paul monopolized our preachers and authors? Some fifty years ago a Canadian writer of the name of Macdonald published a large book on St. John. From that time until now when another American writer issues another large book entitled *John and his Writings* (Methodist Book Concern; \$1.75) there has been nothing of really considerable size or importance. The writer is the Rev. D. A. Hayes, Professor of New Testament Interpretation in the Graduate School of Theology of the Garrett Biblical Institute.

Professor Hayes accepts the beliefs about the life of the Apostle John much as we have been accustomed to accept them, including the belief that he was 'the disciple whom Jesus loved.' Yet he brings an independent mind to bear upon them, insisting on seeing and understanding, on reality and on reason, at every step. Thus he discusses at some length who the women were who stood around the Cross, what they had to do with one another, and with John. His summary of the Apostle's character is both clear and bold. He calls him first of all 'the holiest man among the twelve apostles.' He reckons as one prominent fact of his sainthood his spirit of self-effacement.

The strength of the book, however, is given to the Johannine writings. Professor Hayes accepts them all as the work of the Apostle—Gospels, Epistles and Apocalypse. He does not discuss questions of authorship at any length. That is not his purpose. His purpose is to show what is

the character of these writings, what is the place they have held in the Church in the past, and what influence they are likely to exercise on Christian doctrine and life in the future.

It is a well-informed, sane, helpful book.

SPECIAL ETHICS.

The Rev. Michael Cronin, M.A., D.D., Professor of Ethics and Politics in University College, Dublin, is the author of a manual of *The Science of Ethics*, of which the second volume has now been published dealing with Special Ethics (Dublin: Gill; London: Longmans; 15s. net).

Under the title 'Special Ethics,' a Roman Catholic writer gathers nearly all that interests the human mind—quicquid cogitant homines. Let us see. The first chapter is on Natural Religion. The second and third chapters discuss duty generally, but in two parts, a man's duties to himself and his duties to others. His duties to others are Charity, Speaking the Truth, and Justice. Under 'speaking the truth' there is a discussion of Mental Reservation. The fourth chapter is on Private Ownership and on Communism. The next four chapters deal with Socialism. There follow two chapters on Contracts, one of which explains the Roman attitude to Strikes. The twelfth chapter is given to Stealing and other damage to property. Then, after two chapters on Marriage, the last five are occupied with a discussion of the State, the Functions of Sovereignty, and International Law.

How is the discussion of these widely different topics conducted? What scope is there for detail? What liberty of opinion? In all these matters the book is satisfactory beyond almost the possibility of expectation. Take this out of the last chapter on 'The Conditions of a Just War': 'War is not to be regarded as intrinsically good or as something which is naturally necessary for human development. We cannot see any reason, but we see great unreason, as well as infinite danger, in the doctrine expressed by Treitschke that war is not to be regarded as a mere remedy against possible evil, or as tolerable only in rare and abnormal contingencies, but that it is as necessary as the State itself, that without war "there would be no States," that "it is only in war that a people becomes in very deed a people," that "to expel war from the universe would be to mutilate human nature." As

well might one say that disunion and violence are necessary amongst the citizens of the State, that to repress them is to mutilate human nature, and that it is the business of the government to foment disorder in a society threatened with too much peace. "Peace," writes Lawrence, "does not necessarily mean sloth and slavery. Men can be manly without periodical resort to the occupation of mutual slaughter. It is not necessary to graduate in the school of arms in order to learn the hard lessons of duty and honour and self-sacrifice. . . . Ignoble ease has sometimes sapped the virility of nations. But has not war again and again turned the victors into human swine and the vanquished into hunted wild beasts?"

'So far from being a perfection, war is full of evil. If it could be avoided, the world, without war, would be a better world. It is tolerable only for the reasons for which surgical operations and hanging are tolerable, *i.e.* as a means for the cure and prevention of intolerable ills.

'But if war is not a good in itself, neither is it to be regarded as intrinsically evil. Like the surgical operation, and killing in self-defence, war, though accompanied by, and the cause of, much evil, is necessary, and in certain circumstances, is even morally good. It is evil for an individual to kill an innocent man, but it is not evil to kill in self-defence. So the wanton slaughter of one nation by another is evil, but war undertaken in self-defence, or in support of another nation which is being unjustly used, is allowable and often even necessary in natural law.

'To be just, however, a war must fulfil certain conditions. These conditions are: (1) war must be initiated by public authority; (2) it must be necessary; (3) there must be a legitimate and sufficient cause; (4) a right intention must be entertained.'

Then these four conditions are briefly explained. But we have quoted enough. Let us turn rather to 'The Close of War' and quote this significant statement: 'A principle of great importance in connection with the ethics of war is the principle that victory confers on the victor no special rights over his opponents. The rights enjoyed by the victor at the close of a war are those rights which were present from the beginning of the war—they are not added to by his victory.

'If, therefore, a war is unjust, the victor acquires no rights whatsoever over the conquered people

and territory. On the contrary, he should make restitution for all the loss he has inflicted on his enemy. Again, even in a just war, victory confers no right of depriving the conquered people of their sovereignty and freedom. That right may belong to the victor on other grounds; it does not arise on the ground of victory alone. In other words, the rights and wrongs of war are determined by those abiding moral principles which govern the relations of States, and they remain the same, no matter which of the combatants is victorious or is subdued.'

It has often been said that for the doctrine of the Logos in the Prologue of the Fourth Gospel, we do not need to go further away than the Old Testament. It was left to Dr. Rendel Harris to prove it. He proves it to our mind quite conclusively in his book entitled *The Origin of the Prologue to St. John's Gospel* (Cambridge: at the University Press). And he proves it by a process of word-study and hint-hunting which he makes as fascinating to the reader as it is to himself. Did ever a scholar live, there is certainly none living now, who could catch at a straw and steady himself by it until he got hold of another, and then bind all the straws together into a structure that should stand firm and true for ever? It is a wonderful gift, and it is given back to the Giver so loyally always and with such interest. The proof that the Logos Doctrine is Hebrew is welcome, not only because it tells for the Johannine authorship, but also because it is the only credible solution of the problem. All other proposals had links wanting which could not be supplied, and elements introduced which could not be assimilated.

Mr. Humphrey Milford has begun to issue from the Oxford University Press a series of handbooks for the people which will go by the general title of 'The Church's Message for the Coming Time.' The Rev. H. T. Knight, M.A., Vicar of Shortlands, Kent, had a conversation with Canon W. A. Carroll on the National Mission, the War, and the 'age' that would follow after, when the idea originated of issuing these books. Mr. Knight is himself the author of the first volume.

The problem is Authority. There are four solutions—the Romanist, the Protestant, the Worldly, and the Catholic. The Catholic is Mr. Knight's own solution. He supports it by showing

how the New Testament and the Church make for authority and how all authority rests finally on Christ. So the title of the book is *Back to Christ* (1s. net).

It is the belief of Mr. Kenneth Richmond that teachers are more in need of training in the history of Education than in anything else. So he has written a book in order 'to tell something of 'the inspiring story.' Its title is *The Permanent Values in Education* (Constable; 2s. 6d. net).

Mr. Richmond is right. It is a neglected, and it is an inspiring story. No doubt he can tell a story well; in his hands any story might seem worth telling. But the story itself is one of heroic effort to attain to high ideals; it brings to us the friendship of the great and good—Comenius with his wide universalism, Pestalozzi with his devoted humanitarianism, Froebel with his practical idealism; and it raises strong hope of the future, since we know that 'there is not one lost good.'

Mr. Clutton-Brock introduces the book. He turns the medal round. We see its dark side. Popular education has been and is still education *in status*. And the task of the future is to rid our education, for all classes, of this sense of status. By status he means something that is very like caste.

A volume of Sermons and Addresses by the late Rev. Thomas Dunlop, of Emmanuel Church, Bootle, has been published in Edinburgh by Mr. Andrew Elliot under the title of *The Diffidence of Faith* (3s. 6d. net). The volume is intended first of all to be the grateful memorial of a faithful pastorate. But it reaches a higher standard and will reach a wider audience than memorial volumes usually do or deserve to do. There is in it, for example, a series of sermons on the Seven Words, which should be added to the lists of literature which have appeared in recent numbers of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES. There is also a sermon on the lord who returns from the wedding, 'with illustrations from the writings of Thomas Carlyle,' which is at once literary and evangelical, and both very pleasantly. And there is a strong intellectual sermon, or paper, on 'Spiritual Life in its Unwritten History,' vindicating for Christianity the right to be the religion of the whole world. All that is worthy of the wider public. But most of all is the book noteworthy as an example of the variety of

subject and appeal which is at the command of the modern evangelical pulpit.

What would an Englishman think, and what would he do, if he happened to enter the United Free Church at Cramond and discovered that the service was to be conducted entirely in the Scots tongue—the prayers prayed, the Scriptures read, the Sermon preached in the broadest dialect of the common people? But the Rev. D. Gibb Mitchell does not minister to Englishmen. Every sermon in *The Kirk i' the Clachan* (Paisley: Gardner; 3s. 6d. net) was addressed to his 'ain folk.' And as they hear, sometimes it happens, he tells us, that 'the hamely words gang far in, an' I see tears fa' an' faces smile.'

Take this paragraph from the sermon on 'The Bethlehem Waal': 'Dauvid toomed oot the water, an' it seipit into the het sand. An unthinkin man wud hae slockened his drouth an' seen naething in the water! It was a sacrament o' the deepest devotion to the king. It was owre dear a draught to drink. It maun be gien to God. Gin there's onything we haud dear i' this warl', gin there's onything we treasur—lat God hae it. He gaed His best; lat us gie Him oors. The royal herd cam to God wi' his offerin—for he hankered to be put richt by Him an' be made mair canny an' sober o' his words in his weary moments!'

A biography has been written of *Owen Charles Whitehouse* (Heffer; 3s. net). It is 'the Plain Tale of a Godly Scholar's Life, told by his Daughter Lilian and others.'

Professor Whitehouse was best known to the outer world by his contributions to the *DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE*. One of these contributions contained an original sketch of the Hebrew conception of the Universe, a sketch which was everywhere recognized as both true and happy and was copied into innumerable other books, sometimes with liberty and sometimes without. It was his contributions to the Dictionary that brought him to the notice of the Senatus of the University of Aberdeen, by whom the degree of D.D. was conferred upon him, an honour which came at an opportune time, and which we are told he 'deeply appreciated.' The removal from Cheshunt, where he had become President of the College, to Cambridge, where he spoke of himself as tutor, had its trials and its compensations. He was ever loyal to the light at

all cost. Even the reading of a proof cost him much more than it costs an ordinary scholar. A misprint was a sin against the truth, demanding restitution at the earliest opportunity. Thus his work will live. Of himself and of his home life enough is told to show him worthy of so appreciative a biography.

Mr. Henry Dwight Sedgwick is an essayist pure and simple. He has no axe to grind, whether theological or philosophical or scientific. He does not even count it his calling to improve the occasion ethically. And, thank God, he does not find it necessary to hint at promiscuous immorality in order to make his book a 'best-seller.' He is simply an essayist, using the English language masterfully in order to give us the pleasure that comes from reading.

The title of the book, and of the first essay in it, is *An Apology for Old Maids* (Macmillan). There the charm of language is at its best, and very charming it is. But in 'The Religion of the Past' there is something to make one stop and think; and yet the beauty of words is not less, only less conspicuous. The other essays are 'De Senectute,' 'Credo quia Possibile,' 'On being Ill,' 'The House of Sorrow,' 'A Forsaken God,' 'The Classics again,' 'Literature and Cosmopolitanism.'

It is a book to have at hand for refreshing, whether we are well or ill, old or young.

Under the title of *From Atheism to Christ* (Marshall Brothers; 2s. 6d. net) there has been issued a memoir of Private Harold Turner of the Second Bedfordshire Regiment. It is the record of a young man's struggle with doubt, a struggle in which he was greatly helped by the sympathy of friends, of whom much is told in the book. At last he came out into the light of Christ's presence and the joy of His sacrifice for sin. Miss S. Chance tells the story both gratefully and gracefully.

Of all that has been published by the late Bishop George Howard Wilkinson, Primus of the Scottish Episcopal Church, whether it was published during his lifetime or posthumously, nothing is of greater value than a small volume on the Person and Work of the Holy Spirit which has appeared now under the title of *In Spirit and in Truth* (Mowbray; 2s. 6d. net). We shall waste no time

asking why it was not published earlier; we are thankful that it is published now. There are seven addresses in the book. Each is distinct and occupied nearly an hour in delivery, giving its hearers (as it now gives its readers) a clear conception of some great aspect of the Holy Spirit's person or work. Yet each address is part of a whole picture, which grows clearer as the canvas is covered, a picture of a real living personal presence, a gracious power in the life of the speaker, a possible power in ours. It is a contribution to the study of the doctrine of the Holy Ghost. It is more than that. It is a victorious vindication of the spiritual life in its claim to be within reach of 'the servant and the handmaiden,' and to be the very life of God in the world.

A well-balanced and readable account of *The Faith of the Prophets* will be found in a book with that title written by C. A. E. Moberly, late Principal of St. Hugh's College, Oxford, and published by Mr. Murray (3s. 6d. net). Two truths Miss Moberly insists upon in all interpretation of prophecy—first that the prophet spoke to his own time and next that he spoke to all time. But her own way of putting it is best. 'To read the prophetic books without historical knowledge of the man speaking and of the circumstances in which he spoke removes much of their point and spiritual interest. The attempt to look upon them as merely spiritual utterances without actuality is to render them uncertain in meaning. But if, on the contrary, we look upon them as so highly spiritual as to be necessarily true to actual fact, while they indicate an intensified poetic insight into the reality of time as continuous even though momentary, we shall get a truer conception of the prophetic mind than is possible by leaving out either alternative method.'

The Perpetual Sacrifice is the title of a beautiful little book which has been published by Messrs. Nisbet (2s. net). The author is the Rev. Robert Keable. Like so many other books, it comes out of the war. Not that it is a war book in the ordinary sense. There are few references to this or any other war in it. But it is an answer to some of the questions which the war has raised—this question in particular: 'Is Calvary but one of such hideous tragedies as we have known now these many months, and but one more proof that

God has forsaken His world; or is a secret hidden there, which is at once the secret of our own sorrow and perhaps the way of escape?'

The author is a priest of the Anglican Church with somewhat 'High Church' leanings. But there are few to whom his message will fail to bring strength. His very first chapter on the death of God will be a relief both intellectually and emotionally. His argument is that death is the great opportunity—the opening not the shutting of the door. 'So far,' he says, 'from its being an end, it is merely a change; so far from its being a destruction, it is merely another one of the processes making towards perfection; so far from its being the conclusion of activity, it is merely the widening of horizons and the increasing of powers. Death is not the end of Autumn, death is the beginning of Spring. The life that has flowed sluggishly down choked channels has been renewed by other waters that leap from a cool and hidden spring, and has but changed its channel that it may sing and sparkle in the sunshine, and pass swiftly on towards the sea.

'One of the letters of Robert, Earl of Lytton, rather beautifully expresses this. He writes—

"I cannot conceive why men have so universally taken Winter for the death-picture, and Spring for the life-picture in Nature. It strikes me quite otherwise. In Winter I see, everywhere, Life as it is: the Life of use and wont and apathetic habit; the enduring need; the painful struggle with difficulty; the cramped energy; the long imprisonment; the want of warmth. *That* is life. But Spring? No. All that boundless emancipation, the deep, deep exultation and triumph, the wonder, the novelty, the surprise of every movement, the fresh beginning of untried things—the escape from the staled and the spoiled experience, the joy, the freedom, the confident impulse, the leaping entrance into the world of limitless possibility, surely all this is Death—or else there is no good God in heaven. And under the heaven of Spring, who could help being sure of the goodness of God?"

The Open Court Publishing Company of Chicago and London has undertaken the issue of a series of classics of science and philosophy which are not easily accessible. Three volumes have already been issued—*Contributions to the Founding of the Theory of Transfinite Numbers*, by Georg Cantor; *Selections from the Scottish Philo-*

sophy of Common Sense; and *The Geometrical Lectures of Isaac Barrow*. The fourth volume now appears. It contains *Diderot's Early Philosophical Works*, translated and edited by Margaret Jourdain (4s. 6d. net). More particularly, the contents of the volume are (1) an Introduction by the editor, sympathetic and sufficient; (2) Philosophic Thoughts; (3) the Letter on the Blind; (4) the Addition to the Letter on the Blind; (5) the Letter on the Deaf and Dumb; (6) Notes, Appendix, and Index.

There are many manuals for the use of Confirmation candidates, but there is a place for one prepared by the Rev. T. W. Gilbert, B.D., Rector of St. Clement's, Oxford. It is erudite, it is evangelical, it is comprehensible. The candidate who knows this book will be prepared as far as human hands can prepare him. Its title is *Confirming and being Confirmed* (Scott; 1s. 6d. net).

To his 'Handbooks of Catholic Faith and Practice' Mr. Scott has added a volume on *The Sacrament of Penance*, by the Rev. H. U. Whelpton, M.A., Vicar of S. Saviour's, Eastbourne (2s. 6d. net). Mr. Whelpton tells the sad story of sin—not as it entered into the world, but as it enters into every human heart; and he gives advice as to what is to be done about it. The advice is to go to the priest and confess. So the manner of confession is described and the results that may be looked for.

Two daughters of Sir Martin Conway travelled through a considerable part of the Balkans and had their camera with them. The book had to come, and came. Its title is *A Ride through the Balkans* (Scott; 5s. net). One of the daughters, Miss Agnes Ethel Conway, is the author. Let us suppose that the other carried the camera.

So the book is like a lantern lecture. The 'slides' are very many and very good. Without a word of 'lecture,' just by looking at them in order, one could enjoy and profit not a little by the Ride. But the lecturer is here also and can tell her story. Not only does she explain the 'slides'; she has much to say of her own, till you wonder if the 'slides' are necessary. And the book has the double advantage that you do not need to go out on a dark night, and that you may take it up and lay it down as you will.

Mr. John H. Harris has written a short but sufficient account of *Germany's Lost Colonial Empire* (Simpkin; 1s. net). The book is well written and abundantly illustrated with maps and sketches and pictures—wonderful pictures of palms, palm avenues, and palm plantations.

Wherein lies the strength of the Church of England? In the steady, faithful, self-forgetful work that is daily done by its parish priests—their pastoral work and their pulpit work. An example, an excellent example, of it is to hand. A volume of Sermons, chosen from the regular service of such a parish priest, has been published by Messrs. Skeffington under the title of *The Unforgiveable Sin*. The author is the Rev. D. F. K. Kennedy-Bell, M.A.

The one and only fault to be found with the sermons is their brevity. It is true that even within the time which Mr. Kennedy-Bell allows himself he gives a clear exposition of even so difficult a subject as the Unforgiveable Sin. And it may be that, the time being short, he had always to make the sermon practical. Every thought is directed to immediate life and conduct. Mr. Kennedy-Bell has no interest in the Unforgiveable Sin or any other sin if it is unlikely that his parishioners should be guilty of it. There is a sermon on Inspiration. What is the use of it? Listen to its last words: 'Shall we not ask God's grace, so to read and receive His inspired Word, that it may produce in us *inspiration*, inspiration to perceive the glories of the truth of His revelation, inspiration to follow the Spirit's guiding, and *consecration*, consecration to devote ourselves wholly, body, soul and spirit, to Him?'

Canon Box has himself translated *The Apocalypse of Ezra* for the Series of Translations of Early Documents which, along with Dr. Oesterley, he is editing for educational ends (S.P.C.K.; 2s. 6d. net). He has translated it from the Syriac text (with constant reference to the Latin Version in the footnotes), and he has written an excellent short Introduction to it, saying just what the student requires to be said before entering on the study of the book.

A selection of *Choice Thoughts* from the writings of the late Archdeacon Wilberforce has been made by B. W. Roome (Stock; 2s. net). There is a

thought for every day of the year. But sometimes two or three thoughts are linked together, so that if we really read one every day we must remember our reading. Here are two of the thoughts:

'Sept. 16.—The way to heaven is through heaven; no man can enter heaven who has not the heavenly nature awakened within him; and no man could have the heavenly nature awakened within him if it were not already there.'

'July 12.—"The secret of the Lord" is the faculty of spiritual discernment which enables us to know that all visible things are a sacrament of the Presence of God, that every incident of the commonest daily life thinly veils a great divine purpose for us, that we are surrounded and enfolded by the care of God, that the Almightyness and love of our Father is perpetually appealing to us; that He may develop our characters, cultivate our higher propensities, and lead us (without forcing us) to seek the things which belong to our peace.'

The Rev. J. G. Greenhough, M.A., has gathered together some of his recent sermons—'sermons,' he says, 'preached in the closing years of a long ministry,' and has published them under the title of *Sunset Thoughts: or Aftermath* (Stockwell; 3s. net). It is not every long ministry that can afford to do it, so apt are the closing years of even a great preacher to be a repetition of a few familiar truths. Mr. Greenhough has kept his preaching fresh and varied. There is simplicity in these sermons, certainly. But it is the simplicity, not of the poverty but of the riches of Christ. What could be simpler or more homely than the text, 'This poor man cried and the Lord heard him and delivered him out of all his trouble' (Ps 34⁶)? The sermon is as simple and homely as the text. Yet out of that text Mr. Greenhough brings the cry of humanity and the philosophy of prayer. Its promise comes home to every hearer, and it is a promise that has power with God and prevails.

The Psalter and the Present Distress.

BY THE REV. JOHN E. MCFADYEN, D.D., PROFESSOR OF OLD TESTAMENT LANGUAGE, LITERATURE, AND THEOLOGY IN THE UNITED FREE CHURCH COLLEGE, GLASGOW.

THE LESSONS OF HISTORY.

THE next point we shall consider is the great place given in the Psalter, and indeed throughout the Bible, to history, the story of the national past. God had no doubt spoken through His servants the prophets; but to those who had ears to hear He had spoken, just as really, and far more loudly, through the facts. Many of the longer Psalms are just a recapitulation, in song, of the nation's story, told not, of course, to stimulate national pride, but to warn, to instruct and inspire the people, to reveal to them the gracious purpose that ran through their history like a line of light—that purpose with which it had been their high privilege to co-operate, but to which in the past they and their fathers had so often proved recreant. Sometimes, as in the one hundred and fifth Psalm, the past is regarded as an inspiration; sometimes, as in the seventy-eighth or the one hundred and sixth, it is a warning: an inspiration, when one

contemplates the goodness of God which at every point shines through—for at every point, as the one hundred and thirty-sixth Psalm reminds us, there are flashes of that mercy which endureth for ever; and a warning, on the other hand, if we contemplate the pitiful response, and too often the stubbornness and defiance with which men had met that goodness. The national past is thus fitted to kindle both hope and remorse. The heart of one singer fills with hope as he sings:

I think of the days of old,
Call to mind the ancient years (77⁶);

and the heart of another sinks as he thinks of the poor response to the divine love of which the nation's history had been so full:

We, like our fathers, have sinned,
We have done perversely and wickedly,
All heedless of Thy wonders,
And unmindful of Thy great kindness (106^{6,7}).

That God is love and that the nation provoked Him—in these two words is summed up the story of the past. Like Deuteronomy, the historical Psalms are a ringing and reiterated call to the nation to *remember*. But it is so easy to forget, and especially easy, in the exaltation of a great deliverance, to forget the obligation of gratitude and of a moral response to the God by whose hands it was wrought, and there is many a word in the Psalter which we would do well to lay to heart to-day.

The waters covered their foes,
Not a man of them was left.
So then they believed in His words,
And began to sing His praise.
But soon they forgot His doings.
Full lusty they grew in the desert.
He gave them the thing they had asked for,
But sent wasting disease among them (106¹¹⁻¹⁵).

The study of the past is fitted to save the men of to-day not only from despair, but from stupidity. From despair: for the past—so teach alike the poets of the Old Testament, its historians, and its prophets—the past, despite its tangle, reveals the thread of a divine purpose which runs through national and international history. But the study of it ought also to save us from stupidity: for the shadow that falls across the national history is thrown by the obstinacy and the irresponsiveness of the nation to the divine voice, by its refusal to cleanse its life of the vices that degrade it; and it is for us not to repeat the folly of the past:

O that to-day ye would hear His voice:
'Do not harden your hearts as at Meribah,
Or at Massah, that day in the desert,
When your fathers tempted and tried me,
Notwithstanding the works they had seen' (95⁷⁻⁹).

THE TRAINING OF THE YOUNG.

Now if the past has this power to instruct, inspire, and restrain, it follows that the story of the nation ought to be familiar—the great struggles, the heroic sacrifice—and also the lives of the great and good men who won for us the freedom and the truth and all the precious things by which we live. In other words, the national story ought to be taught to the children—taught by those who not merely know the facts, but understand the drift and the inner meaning of it all—till it lives in their minds and in their hearts. Here we have unquestionably much to learn from the ancient Jew. The historical Psalms thrill with the sense

of the obligation of the fathers to the children to acquaint them with the story of the nation's past:

O God, we have heard with our ears,
Our fathers have told us the story
Of the work that Thou wroughtest in their day,
Thy wonders in days of old (44¹).

That patriotism is most stable and most deeply rooted which knows something of the events, the forces, the personalities of the days long gone, which helped to create for us the national type and polity which to-day we prize. It is well worth our while, in these modern days, to note how the poets, like the legislators, of the Old Testament, plead with the fathers to pass on to the children the glorious memories of the ancient days which they, in turn, had received from their fathers:

What we have heard and known,
And what our fathers have told us,
We will not hide from their children.
We will tell to the next generation
The praises and might of the Lord,
And the wonders that He hath done.
He set up a testimony in Jacob,
A law He appointed in Israel,
Which He commanded our fathers
To make known unto their children,
That the next generation should know it,
That the children yet to be born
Should arise and tell their children;
That in God they might put their confidence,
And not forget God's works (78³⁻⁷)

—and so on. Similarly, in the forty-eighth Psalm, written perhaps to celebrate some great deliverance:

Walk about Zion, go round her:
Count ye her towers,
Set ye your mind on her ramparts,
Consider her palaces;
That ye tell to the next generation
That such is Jehovah our God (48¹²⁻¹⁴).

The story of the past, when told by those who know the thrill of it, helps to open the meaning of the present; for the God who worked then is working still—as we have heard, so have we seen' (48⁸)—and He will continue to work for ever, because He is a living God. It is this that links the ages each to each—*He* rather who links them; and one of the great lessons of the Psalter will remain unlearned, until the home, the school, and the Church, realize their obligation to write upon the hearts of the children the story of the national past so plainly that it will be a warning against sin and a stimulus to heroism and faith.

A NATION'S REAL LIFE.

We are now led to consider the elements that constitute the real life and prosperity of a nation. There are songs in the Psalter, as there are large tracts of the Old Testament, which move within the region of the material, and which measure national prosperity by an external standard; as in the prayer:

May our garners be bursting
With produce of all kinds.
In the fields may our sheep bear
By thousands and ten thousands (144¹³).

But though this is good, it is not the best. The real worth and prosperity of a land can best be measured by the kind of men it breeds; and the exquisite words of the eighty-fifth Psalm, written in a time of deep national gloom, set forth with singular beauty the ideal of a land in which the citizens are all kind and loyal to one another, and angels look down upon the lovely sight from the windows of heaven with eyes of wonder and delight: a land where

Kindness and loyalty meet,
Peace and righteousness kiss.
Loyalty springs from the earth,
Righteousness looks from the sky.
Yea, the Lord shall give all that is good,
Our land yielding her increase,
Righteousness marching before Him,
And peace on the track of His steps (vv. 10-13).

The only prosperity for which a true patriotism cares is the prosperity which goes hand in hand with a fair civic life. It will not despise rich crops and large flocks, it will rejoice when the land yields her increase; but before and above that, it will value growth of character; crops of 'kindness and loyalty' must also spring from the land. Then, and not till then, 'shall glory dwell in our land' (85⁹), when the citizens are just and gracious to one another, and when the moral life of the community is inspired and transfigured by religion: in the noble imagination of the Psalm, when the kindness and loyalty that spring up from the earth are watched by the eyes of the angel of peace that looks down from the heavens. The patriotism which needeth not to be ashamed is that which yearns, not so much for crops and commerce and gold, but for kindness and justice, for salvation and God.

There was the more need to emphasize the necessity for these things, as there is proof enough

throughout the Psalter that the national life of Israel was menaced and disturbed as much by foes within as by foes without. The unity of spirit which ought to characterize a community of brethren who live within the same borders, and whose glory it should be to help the nation to contribute its quota to the common good of the world—this unity was ruined by the spirit of selfishness and by the antagonism of class to class. The background of the Psalter is one of civic strife and contention; for behind the figures of the Psalmists, with the light of faith upon their sorrowful faces, there are gathered together the cruel and the selfish, the immoral and the unbelieving swaggerers and traitors and liars—a motley crowd of knaves and fools, who care for nothing but themselves, who scoff at the obligation to contribute to the higher life of the community, who recognize no interest but their own, who 'boast of the multitude of their riches,' and who use the power which circumstances have given them to exploit the weaker members of the society to which they all belong. The Psalter sorrowfully recognizes the existence of two classes within the nation—not the employers and the employed, not the capitalists and the working men, but those who believe in moral distinctions and those who do not. It is true of the Psalter, as of the Old Testament generally, that the good were often the poor, and the wealthy the wicked: but the distinction is really far more than an economic one. It is a distinction between those who care deeply and those who care nothing for the things that matter to the well-being of a nation; between those who are prepared to sacrifice life itself in defence of the things for which Israel stood, and those to whom ease and pleasure and power and money are the only things that matter. It happens that the Hebrew words for 'the nations' or 'the heathen' and 'the proud' or 'arrogant' are written and sound very much alike; and there is good reason to believe that the text of Psalms which were originally written to lament the assaults of the proud upon the better life of Israel was sometimes modified in later days so as to apply to the heathen who sought to blot out the nation. There is surely something very suggestive in this: it carries the implication that a nation may suffer as much and be exposed to dangers as great from the selfishness of its own citizens as from the aggression and the cruelty of the foreigners who hate

it. The Psalmists felt that the most deadly enemy might sometimes be within the gates. They knew that a purifying judgment within the nation itself was as sorely needed as deliverance from external foes, and for such a judgment they had the courage to pray. The war is not won when the foreigner is repelled; a war no less terrible has still to be waged for the purification and the uplifting of the national life.

THE HOME.

Now in this fight for the betterment of the nation's life, the Psalter recognizes that two institutions are of supreme worth—the Home and the Church. There are few pictures in the Psalter more winsome than that in Ps 128 of the labouring man, with his wife, the glad mother of the many children who are gathered about the table, and all this gracious family life is rooted in the fear of the Lord:

Happy all that fear the Lord,
Even they that walk in His ways.
Thou shalt eat what thy hands have toiled for.
Happy and prosperous thou!
Like a fruitful vine shall thy wife be
In the innermost room of thy house:
Thy children, like slips of olive,
Round about thy table.
See! this is the blessing
Of the man that feareth the Lord (vv. 1-4).

And in the preceding Psalm there is a hint that the glory, the strength, and the safety of a land lies in the number of the children in her homes.

See! sons are a gift of the Lord,
The fruit of the womb a reward.
Like arrows, by warriors wielded,
Even so are the sons of youth.
Happy the man who has filled
His quiver full of them.
He shall not be ashamed when he speaks
With enemies in the gate (127³⁻⁵).

It is obvious that the dearly bought gains of the past can be handed on to the future only by the children of to-day; and, other things being equal, the greater the population, the more certainly and securely will the life of the nation, and the type which it has developed, be carried forward to enrich the larger life of the world in the days to come. A year before war broke out, Pastor Dörries of Hanover, preaching from the lines last quoted, bitterly lamented the rapid decline in the number of births in the Protestant parts of Germany, and pointed out that if the present ratio

of the birth-rate in Protestant and Roman Catholic families were to be continued, in a few years Germany would cease to be a predominantly Protestant country, and the great work of Luther would be, to that extent, undone.¹ When the enemies come to speak in our gates—in other words, when the distinctive life of the nation is being menaced—the future may be faced without fear when the defenders of the national traditions are not only brave but numerous. It has been said that, had the population of France been as great as that of Germany, there might have been no war: the enemies might never have gone near the gates had they known that they would meet there a host as great as their own, both willing and able to speak a sufficiently loud and meaningful word.

But, as we have seen, the real strength and glory of the family is that in it is furnished the first opportunity to leave upon the mind and heart of the child a lasting impression of the place and the power and the meaning of religion. There his mind can and should receive a bias in favour of the things that matter to the lives of nations and of men. We have already seen how scrupulous the Hebrew father was to tell the story of the national past to his children (cf. Josh. 4^{6f.} 21^{f.}), that they might learn to appreciate the mission of the nation—the things for which she stood, and the Power by which she stood. The Hebrew, who knew how to put first things first, was unquestionably right in viewing the home as primarily a school of religion and of faith. Neither Kultur, whatever that may be, nor culture, whatever that may be, will furnish a child so completely for the service of his fellows as the fear of God, the sense of His supremacy over individual and national life, and of the responsibility of men to him.

THE CHURCH.

The other great factor in the maintenance of the national life upon a worthy level is the Church. There the religious discipline which is begun in the home is continued and confirmed. Surely the pure joy of worship has never been expressed with such simplicity and power as in those sweet Psalms which voice the yearning for the courts of the Lord (84²) and which tell of the delight of the pilgrims:

I was glad when they said unto me,
'We will go to the house of the Lord' (122¹).

¹ *Evangelische Freiheit*, Nov. 1913, pp. 416-424.

They were glad because of the memories that crowded upon them of the tribes that throughout the centuries had made their pilgrimage thither; glad because there they met with their brethren and companions from afar; glad because, after the long and weary way through many a valley of tears, they were rewarded at the last with the vision of God in Zion. But there were deeper reasons for their joy than those. For to such men worship was not merely a gorgeous ceremony fitted to titillate the senses and to recall memories of the ancient days; it was also a stimulus to the moral life. Some of those who took part in that worship had to spend their lives among what the writer of the eighty-fourth Psalm calls 'the tents of wickedness' (v.¹⁰)—a reference, no doubt, to the foreign lands where so many Jews had their home, lands where degrading religions were practised and too often a degrading morality prevailed. But the worship in Jerusalem, and still more, no doubt, in the synagogues, would recall the sterner demands and temper of the religion of the fathers. There the moral nature would be braced again, and they would return to the struggle in the tents of wickedness with fresh hope and courage. And so it is to-day. The world would be a very different world if the Church, with her high and holy claims, held the place which she deserves in the affections and in the life of men and nations.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem :

They shall prosper that love thee (122⁶).

The peace and prosperity of humanity would be guaranteed if all cared deeply for Jerusalem and for the gracious memories that gather round our hearts when we name the name of Zion.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MEN.

But this leads us to remember in conclusion that to the noblest of the Psalmists, as to the greatest of the Prophets, the ideal is a brotherhood of nations, bound together in the bonds of a common salvation to Him who is the God and Father of them all. They call us to the contemplation of a Kingdom which covers all the world and stretches down the length of all the centuries (145). Though in the roar of the cannons we hear it to-day but very faintly, the call is to 'all people that on earth do dwell' to 'sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.'

Bless us, O God, with Thy favour,
Let the light of Thy face fall upon us ;
That the world may know Thy way,
And all nations Thy power to save.
Let the peoples praise Thee, O God,
Let the peoples—all of them—praise Thee (67¹⁻³).

We live in the faith that this fair dream may some day—and we pray God soon—be translated into fact. This dream has found no expression so winsome or so brilliant as in that too little known Psalm, the eighty-seventh, which, but for the names of the strange peoples that crowd it, would be one of the most familiar, as it is surely one of the noblest, songs in all the world. It sets before us Jehovah writing in the book of life the names of the citizens of Zion, and among them are numbered men from Egypt and Babylon, from Philistia, Tyre, and Ethiopia—men from cruel and distant lands who in ancient or more modern days had been the troublers of Israel. Here comes a dark-faced man from Ethiopia: down goes his name in the book of the citizens of Zion. And here is a man from Philistia, which in the old days of Samson and Samuel had harassed Israel so sorely; and here is another from Phœnicia, whose princess had once sat as queen upon the throne of Israel and used her power to slay the prophets of Jehovah with the sword; and here is another from Egypt, the memory of whose oppression persisted in Israel for a thousand years; and another from Babylon, whom an earlier Psalmist had cursed as the great Despoiler. Now their names lie together on the registry of Zion, written by the finger of Jehovah Himself, and Zion is acknowledged as the Mother of them all. The streets of the city of Zion are exceeding broad: on them there is room for the reconciliation of ancient enmities. 'Glorious things are spoken of thee, thou city of God.'

Here is a vision of the happy time when the nations shall no more dash themselves and one another in pieces; but, worshipping their common God as children of Mother Zion, 'thus'—in the words of the Psalm—

Thus shall they sing, as they dance,
Saying, 'All my springs are in Thee.'

What better can we do in the present distress than, as we believe in God Himself, so also to believe in the certainty of this brilliant and blessed future, and comfort our hearts with these 'glorious things'?

Contributions and Comments.

St. Mark xiv. 10.

IN your 'Notes of Recent Exposition' for March, you remark that Dr. Arthur Wright 'has no doubt whatever that "the one of the twelve" means the first or the chief of the Twelve.' So long ago as 1881, the same opinion was as confidently expressed by the late Dr. Frederick Field, in his *Otium Norvicense: pars tertia*, a second edition of which was issued in 1899 by the Cambridge University Press under the title of *Notes on the Translation of the New Testament*. After remarking that 'recent editors have adopted ὁ εἰς τῶν δώδεκα on the authority of B C (*ut videtur*) L¹ M and \aleph (ex corr.), he goes on to say that this can mean nothing but 'the first (No. 1) of the twelve'; but, so far from adopting the inference favoured by Dr. Wright, he curtly dismisses the reading as 'absurd.'

Some twenty years ago there came into my hands a letter addressed to Dr. Field by the Reverend John Frederick Isaacson, B.D., a former Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge, who had won the Chancellor's Classical Medal in 1825, two years after that 'blue ribbon' of scholarship was awarded to Dr. Field himself. Mr. Isaacson began by thanking his friend for the high compliment he had paid him and the real pleasure he had afforded him by his gift of a copy of the *Otium*. He next observed that he would endeavour to show how sensible he was of Dr. Field's kindness, and how highly he appreciated it, by drawing attention to a statement calculated to do much mischief by perpetuating an error which is almost universal and is (as he conceived) as injurious as it is general. The statement referred to is the one mentioned above.

Mr. Isaacson contends that the meaning which Dr. Field attributes to the expression ὁ εἰς is admissible only on the supposition that regard is had to the use of the article in Attic Greek; and that, if viewed, as it ought to be, in reference to Hellenistic usage, it will admit of no such meaning. The difference, he asserts, between ὁ *Atticum* and ὁ *Hellenisticum* is precisely the same as that between the definite article 'the' and the indefinite article 'a' or 'an.' He states that he had then in hand

a pretty full article on this very subject (perhaps some reader can say where it is to be found, if it ever appeared in print), and that he was prepared if necessary to show the process which led to the change indicated. He thought, however, that it would be sufficient, for the present, to call attention to certain passages in the Septuagint, which he felt persuaded would satisfy Dr. Field of the truth and accuracy of his criticism, and dispose him to accept it without hesitation.

Mr. Isaacson's first proof-text is Gn 44^{27f.}: ὑμεῖς γινώσκετε ὅτι δύο ἔτεκέ μοι ἡ γυνή μου· καὶ ἐξῆλθεν ὁ εἰς ἀπ' ἐμοῦ, καὶ εἵπατε κ.τ.λ. He remarks that here ἡ γυνή means simply 'a wife of mine,' not 'my wife,' as men in general would translate it. Jacob leaves undefined *which* of his four wives he refers to: and he does the same thing when speaking of his two sons, contenting himself with saying ὁ εἰς 'a one,' leaving it to the hearers to know which of them was meant.

The next passage adduced by Mr. Isaacson is Zec 9⁷, which goes far, he thinks, both to illustrate and to support his contention: ἔσονται ὡς χιλιάρχος ἐν Ἰουδᾷ, καὶ Ἀκκαρῶν ὡς ὁ Ἰεβουσαῖος.

Finally, he refers to some passage, erroneously alluded to as 1 K 2⁷⁷, which I have tried in vain to trace. The A.V. rendering in this place, he says, is correct, 'a man of God'; ὁ ἄνθρωπος *Hellenisticum* exactly answering to ἄνθρωπος *Atticum*. 'This elementary principle,' he concludes, 'was fully realized by Bishop Andrewes and his colleagues, though not always consistently. How important the distinction is, will be perceived by you at once. Ignorance or disregard of it has filled the Revision with blunders.'

It must be added that Dr. Field does not seem to have been so much impressed by this argument as his correspondent expected him to be; for, although he jotted down various additions in the margin of his own copy of the *Otium*, and left a large number of supplementary notes in the final stages of preparation for the press, he made no alteration in what he had written on Mk 14¹⁰. If, therefore, the evangelist did write ὁ εἰς τῶν δώδεκα, the high authority of this great scholar can be claimed in support of the rendering 'the first of the twelve.' But I confess that this appears to me to be a precarious foundation for Dr. Wright's

theory that Judas Iscariot was the leader of the apostolic band. I feel better satisfied with Dr. Plummer's suggestion (C.G.T., *ad loc.*) that the insertion of the article here seems to indicate that 'one-of-the-twelve' had become a sort of *sobriquet* for Judas.

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The Explanation of Genesis iii. 22.

ONE of the greatest difficulties of the narrative of Gn 3 is the problem whether or not Adam, before being driven forth from Paradise, had eaten of the tree of life. Nearly all students suppose that he had not, and they do so on account of 3²²: 'The Lord God said, Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil; and now lest (לֵאמֹר) he put forth his hand and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live for ever.' These words seem to suppose that he had not eaten, even when we take into account the fact that the word 'also' was not used by the Jahvist; it is lacking in the Septuagint. The word לֵאמֹר, 'lest,' is always interpreted in the sense that the fact has not yet happened. That I think unnecessary; לֵאמֹר is used also for a fact which has happened, but which may not happen again. לֵאמֹר in that case has the meaning of 'lest further,' 'lest more.' Ex 17 says: 'And the children of Israel were fruitful and increased abundantly, and multiplied (וַיִּרְבּוּ) and waxed exceedingly mighty; and the land was filled with them. And the Pharaoh said unto his people (v.¹⁰): Come on, let us deal wisely with them, lest they multiply' (לֵאמֹר). Here לֵאמֹר is clearly: lest further. 'Lest' puts a period to a fact that is just happening. Similarly 1 S 13¹⁹: 'There was no smith found throughout all the land of Israel: for the Philistines said: lest (לֵאמֹר) the Hebrews make swords or spears.' Here also it is clear that the Philistines stopped short the making of swords and spears. לֵאמֹר means here: lest further. The word לֵאמֹר in Gn 3²², therefore, does not require the interpretation that man before being driven out had not eaten from the tree of life, and there is thus no conflict between 3²² and 2¹⁶.

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Lawlessness and its Restrainer: A New Translation of 2 Thessalonians ii. 6-8.

WHILE a flood of light has been let in upon New Testament apocalyptic teaching by the study of Jewish apocalyptic literature, the apocalyptic passage in 2 Th 2 has remained more or less obscure. Yet much of the obscurity may be removed simply by a change in the punctuation of v.⁷. Treating μόνον ὁ κατέχων ἄρτι as parenthetical we may translate:

'And for the present, you know the thing that withholds, to the end that he may be revealed in his own season, for the mystery of lawlessness is already working (only there is he who is restraining it just now)—until it shall arise out of the midst, and then shall the lawless one be revealed.'

This connects the clause ἕως ἐκ μέσου γένηται, not with μόνον ὁ κατέχων ἄρτι, but with τὸ γὰρ μυστήριον ἥδη ἐνεργεῖται. Γένηται is taken in its ordinary sense of 'arising,' 'coming into being,' and so 'happening.' Ἐκ in ἐκ μέσου is likewise taken in its most common sense. It may at least be said that this proposed rendering does as little violence to the Greek as does any of the current translations.

Two points seem especially to commend this translation. First, it brings the passage into line with the historical situation, and with the recognized method of apocalypses in general. It agrees with them, for example, in setting forth a program which is on the very eve of inauguration. And it surely fits into the historical situation. It is recognized generally that the description of the man of lawlessness in v.⁴ inevitably suggests the troublous times of Caligula, when he had decreed that his image should be set up in the Temple at Jerusalem. His violent death in 41 A.D. alone prevented the situation from becoming intensely acute. Now his impious attitude must surely have shocked St. Paul as much as any other zealous Jew. Claudius, who had now been on the throne for six or seven years, is the one who is restraining. But that emperor worship was growing apace in the pagan world was well known to St. Paul. He knew that the policy of Claudius was but a temporary check. It was only a question of time when 'the mystery of lawlessness' would arise 'out of the very midst of things.' It might come immedi-

ately upon the death of Claudius, but not necessarily so. Another sign is referred to—the apostasy, —which must also first come. These two combine to make ‘that which restraineth,’ so that it is only in his own season that the man of lawlessness is to be revealed. He is not to be thought of as already here. The familiar suggestion that we have in ὁ κατέχων a pun upon the name of Claudius, through the Latin *claudens* (κατέχων), would be quite in line with this interpretation.

The second point that seems to commend the translation is that it removes the difficulty that has been felt in reconciling the teaching of the two Thessalonian Epistles concerning the Parousia. In the first, the Apostle seems to expect it soon. So he does here. There is no need of supposing that he has either changed his mind, or that he is correcting his former teaching on the subject. Had he had occasion to repeat the former teaching, he would not have changed the phrase, ‘We who are alive and remain unto the Parousia.’ What he is contradicting is the teaching of some that the day of the Lord is present. This he warns them not to believe though declared by prophet (διὰ πνεύματος), or by one who appealed to the teaching of our Lord (διὰ λόγον), or to a Pauline letter, real or pretended.

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The Ass and the Ass's Colt.

ST. MATTHEW XXI. 1-7.

THIS particular section of the first Gospel provides an admirable object-lesson in the study of the Gospel commonly known as St. Matthew's.

As it happens, all four Evangelists deal with this outstanding incident in the career of our Lord. St. John says briefly (12¹⁴) that ‘having found a young ass’ He ‘sat thereon,’ and so made His solemn entry according to the Scripture. By ‘found’ he means what we should call ‘got hold of’: by the ‘young ass’ he means undoubtedly the ass's colt of the other Evangelists. St. Mark and St. Luke agree almost verbally as to the colt—an unbroken colt, which had never yet been ridden—and as to the means by which our Lord got hold of it. None of the three mentions any other

animal, or gives any hint of its existence. Only in the narrative of the first Gospel does the mother-ass appear, and in this our Lord's words are altered so as to include her (21²⁻³).

Now, to most students of a critical and fearless temper the conclusion is plain enough. The author of the narrative portion of the first Gospel (whoever he may have been) was in the habit of doubling the personages whom he found in St. Mark's Gospel—or rather in that recension of St. Mark which lay before him. He did so in two very distinguished instances, that of Bartimæus (Mk 10⁴⁶, Mt 20³⁰), and that of the man who had the Legion (Mk 5², Mt 8²⁸). It is no use pretending that these narratives can be reconciled. One may fairly say that the whole tremendous effectiveness of these stories as told in the second and third Gospels—the whole of their undying testimony to our Lord's power for good over individual lives *to-day*—depends upon the fact that the man ‘saved’ then and there was an individual. If he has a name by which we can call him, like Bartimæus, so much the better. Anyhow, if his story is to be any use, any comfort, any assurance, to ourselves, we have got to think of him as a definite person with his own individual character and experience. Unquestionably, St. Mark and St. Luke are right in these two outstanding cases: St. Matthew either followed a blurred tradition of the same blessed healings (compare 9²⁷⁻²⁹), or else he was moved by some curious and to us inexplicable mental peculiarity of his own which led him as it were to see double. Such a peculiarity of mental vision, although it cannot be explained, may be illustrated from peculiarities which show themselves in the case of other writers.

Remembering all this, it seems so natural to see another instance of the same sort of thing in the case before us. *One* animal, say the other three Evangelists; *two*, says St. Matthew—although it is evident to common sense that our Lord could not have wanted more than one to ride on—did not, in fact, ride on any but the colt. No doubt, they reply, that is true, but then St. Matthew was misled by the prophecy, ‘Sitting upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass.’ The well-known idiom does not of course mislead *us* into thinking of two different animals, but it misled the author of this Gospel narrative. It is not very safe to assume that this author was so stupid as this supposition implies; but it has a certain plausibility.

Let us approach the question from another side—from the side of common sense, and of common knowledge of the ways of animals.

The present writer was puzzling over this matter one day when it occurred to him to put the question to a shrewd old farmer who had a large acquaintance with domestic animals. 'Of course,' the farmer answered at once, 'you are quite right: the unbroken colt would not go at all—could not be made to go—unless its mother went along with it: it would be totally unmanageable and useless away from her.' The minute one thinks of it, one sees that it must be so. The only alternative is to see a miracle in the good behaviour of the colt under these novel and (to him) terrifying circumstances. But then our Lord never wrought unnecessary miracles: if the presence of the ass-mother would meet the difficulty, no place for miracle.

This explanation, simple as it is, accounts for everything. It accounts for the silence of the other Evangelists as to any other animal than the colt, because it was only the colt that was in fact concerned in carrying our Lord into Jerusalem, and so fulfilling the prophecy. The ass-mother was only indirectly concerned in these proceedings—she was there simply and solely in order that the colt might do his part properly. In other words, she played an entirely secondary and incidental part in the great drama of that day, a part which might well be left unnoticed—but on the other hand might be noticed, if any one saw sufficient reason for doing so.

Is there sufficient reason? We do not know enough of the mental peculiarities of the author of the narrative in the first Gospel to answer the question from *his* point of view. From our own we can answer it with a most emphatic affirmative: 'The Lord hath need of him'—'The Lord hath need of them'—has been, and is, the text of numberless appeals addressed to all Christian people, but especially to the humble and lowly, to enlist their services in the Master's cause. It is so natural to

point out that He could not make His 'official' entry into His capital city, He could not go on with the work of redemption, until and unless He 'found' the young ass for the purpose. It is so obvious that the ass's colt—however superior to its namesake in this country—was a beast whom no other conqueror would deign to use. But how enormously the old lesson gains if we adopt and emphasize St. Matthew's 'them'! It was not only the colt on which He was actually to ride that He had need of—clamant need of—so that He could not get on without; it was also the mother-ass who was wanted because the colt would not go without her. Consider the sort of thing which must have happened. As far as the place on the high road where our Lord was waiting, the disciples doubtless led the ass by the halter, and the colt trotted along by her side. But when our Lord had been mounted on the colt, and the colt was trembling with surprise and fear, then the mother-ass walked beside him, steadying and encouraging him by her mere presence. Afterwards, as he gained courage and confidence, one seems to see her stopping for a minute or two to snatch a mouthful of grass from the roadside, and then hurrying forward again to rejoin the colt—an object of amusement to some, of annoyance to others, as she shoved them unceremoniously aside. To all appearance quite superfluous, in reality very necessary. The Lord hath need of *them*—of the colt because it ministered to *Him*, of the ass because she ministered to the colt. Direct or indirect, it is all one as far as His need is concerned. Some there are who do the Lord's work; others there are who serve only by helping the workers along, by encouraging them, by keeping them in good humour. The Lord hath need of *them*. Could any lesson of the Scripture be more plain, more practical, more level to the ordinary conditions of life as it is, and therefore more worthy of the Holy Spirit of inspiration?

RAYNER WINTERBOTHAM.

Edinburgh.

Entre Nous.

D. H. S. Nicholson and A. H. E. Lee.

One envies Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Lee the inspiration that came to them—for it was nothing short of that—to edit a volume of mystical poetry. The Clarendon Press accepted it at once, and it was called *The Oxford Book of English Mystical Verse* (6s. net).

But inspiration is painful in its working. When these men of letters began to ask one another what was mysticism they found trouble and sorrow. They could not tell what it was. And they left it untold.

Now that was not wise. Because everyone has some idea of mysticism, and, not finding in the book his own idea and it alone regarded, criticizes it and says this poem and that is not mystical. If the editors had given a definition of mysticism they could have seen to it that all the poetry was mystical according to their definition.

Their plan has been to cast a net on both sides of the ship and gather of all kinds. And so they have included a poem by William Ernest Henley, and offered us other surprises. Of omission the great surprise is only two poems from Christina Rossetti. There was a great rent in the net as it was cast in that direction. In mitigation of the offence let it be said that her brother Dante also furnishes two.

Much space is given to the modern poets—for which sincere thanks. We have the rest on our shelves already. So it is from the moderns that we shall make our selection. The first is by George William Russell (A. E.); the second by Gertrude M. Hort.

RECONCILIATION.

I begin through the grass once again to be bound to the Lord;

I can see, through a face that has faded,
the face full of rest

Of the earth, of the mother, my heart with her heart in accord.

As I lie 'mid the cool green tresses that mantle her breast

I begin with the grass once again to be bound to the Lord.

By the hand of a child I am led to the throne of the King,

For a touch that now fevers me not is forgotten and far,

And His infinite sceptred hands that sway us can bring

Me in dreams from the laugh of a child to the song of a star.

On the laugh of a child I am borne to the joy of the King.

THANKSGIVING.

I.

Some thank Thee that they ne'er were so forsaken

In dust of death, in whirling gulfs of shame,
But by one kindred soul their part was taken,
One far-off prayer vibrated with their name!
I thank Thee too—for times no man can number,

When I went down the rayless stairs of Hell,
And to my comrades, at their feast or slumber,
The echoes cried: 'All's well!'

II.

Some thank Thee for the stern and splendid vision

Of truth, that never let them shrink or swerve!
Till on their dearest dream they poured derision,
And broke the idols they had sworn to serve!
I thank Thee that, for me, some mystic terror
Still haunts the accustomed shrine, the accustomed way,—

So, though Truth calls me with the mouth of error,

I need not disobey!

E. Wyndham Tennant.

There is amazing variety of subject and of treatment in *Worple Flit and Other Poems*, by E. Wyndham Tennant (Blackwell; 2s. net). There is the joy of country life:

How shall I tell you of the freedom of the Downs?

You who love the dusty life and durance of great towns,

And think the only flowers that please embroider ladies' gowns,

How shall I tell you?

There is the fairy atmosphere, mixing moralities. There is a recollection of the days of the Palmer, the Knight, and the Lady. There is a repetition in verse of a Boccaccio tale—in verse as lucid as his prose. And there is this deeper note:

RE-INCARNATION.

I too remember distant golden days
 When even my soul was young; I see the sand
 Whirl in a blinding pillar towards the band
 Of orange sky-line 'neath a turquoise blaze—
 (Some burnt-out sky spread o'er a glistening land)
 —And slim brown jargonizing men in blue and gold,
 I know it all so well, I understand
 The ecstasy of worship ages-old.

Hear the first truth: The great far-seeing soul
 Is ever in the humblest husk; I see
 How each succeeding section takes its toll
 In fading cycles of old memory.
 And each new life the next life shall control
 Until perfection reach Eternity.

H. L. Doak.

Another Irish poet, H. L. Doak,* offers a volume of purely war poetry in *Verdun and Other Poems* (Maunsel; 1s. net). It is the heroic in the war that makes the strongest appeal. And there is never a fear that the life which has been greatly given has been thrown away, however early the supreme sacrifice. Moreover, it is good poetry—praise of the worthy and worthy praise. This poem was written at Christmas time 1916.

THE BUILDERS.

War, dolorous war, the angels sing.
 Pity and love are blown away.
 Gone many a loved and lovely thing,
 And many a dream of yesterday.
 But, lo, at work amid the gray,
 Dejected leaves by winter curled—
 Crowned with no transitory bay,
 The builders of a fairer world.

Tragic beyond all imaging
 The tribute strength and beauty pay.
 Come, Babe of Bethlehem, and bring
 Thy succour in a world's dismay.
 Grant us above the midmost fray,
 Where streams the flag of death unfurled,
 By faith to be the dreamers—nay,
 The builders of a fairer world.

Life's hammers on the anvil ring;
 Life's ordinance its sons obey.
 Not in faint-heartedness they fling
 Their bones to silence and decay.
 Death naught avails to dim the ray
 Immortal. Where his blade is whirled,
 Stone upon patient stone they lay—
 The builders of a fairer world.

What though we mourn the valiant clay
 Like chaff upon the darkness hurled,
 Under the eyes of God are they
 The builders of a fairer world.

Augustus H. Cook.

To Dr. Cook, late Senior Surgeon of Hampstead General Hospital, war comes as wounds and suffering and death. Yet he has been able in the heart of it all to see hope and victory. The first and finest poem in *The Happy Warrior* (Bell; 2s. 6d. net) goes by the title of the book, and never suffers by suggesting Wordsworth, for only the title is the same. The second poem shows the way to go. It is called

THE QUEST ACHIEVED.

Must we go forth into the dark? the wind
 moans through the cypress trees,
 And all the glamour of the past melts into
 mournful memories,
 That cluster round the dying hearth, and rob
 the firelight of its glow,
 Till hope and longing softly sleep, like far-off
 dreams of long ago!

Must we go forth into the dark? o'er banks with
 water-lilies wet,
 And lingering, plunge in Lethe's flood, and all
 life's bitterness forget?
 The waving poplar mourns for me, the last
 sad Autumn leaves are shed,
 Through winding paths we travel far, to learn
 that hope itself is dead!

Must we go forth? the dawn breaks chill: like
 flash of jewelled scimitar
 The first pale beam of fainting light is trembling
 to the morning star;
 Strange voices call from out the deep, as
 through the crucible of fire,
 We solve the mystery of the Spheres, and
 reach the land of heart's desire!

But we should like to quote another. For once the present war and all it demands of us is forgotten; we are taken forward to the great act out of which all wars arose, and warned against its fatal facility.

THE FIRST ROMANCE.

Tall and fair as a goddess she gambolled,
 Like a child in her innocent glee,
 Through the forest and meadow she rambled,
 With echoing laughter to see
 Her face in the fount, as she dangled
 The flowers from her shoulder, and knee.

The breezes caressing the river
 Were heavy with odours of may,
 And the mist taught the sunbeams to quiver
 In rainbows as lovely as they
 Who rested, and dreamed of the Giver,
 As perfect and pure as the day.

The ripe fruit hung red in the garden,
 And tempting as roses in June,
 What wonder if Adam should pardon
 The woman who tasted too soon;
 Inhuman the heart that could harden,
 And refuse to partake of such boon.

The serpent was subtle and splendid,
 And, entranced by his sinuous grace,
 Eve lingered, and listened, and ended
 By yielding allegiance, and base
 As the tempter she tempted, and blended
 Her beauty with his to deface!

Alas for the gentle gradation!
 First the eye, then the ear, felt the spell:
 Till she tasted the fruit of temptation,
 She saw, and she heard, and she fell;
 And, deep with the sound of damnation,
 Rang the echoing thunders of Hell!

Hushed the song of the birds in the forest,
 Swift the blackness as dark as the tomb,
 Shed as sign of the sin thou abhorrest,
 Hurried harbinger horrid of doom,
 O thou Angel of Death! as thou drawest
 Thy sword from his scabbard of gloom!

Didst thou blast with thy lightnings the
 sinner?
 Was she crushed, as she crept to the
 side
 Of the husband, who perished to win her?
 Choosing death as the dower of his bride;
 As they wandered from Eden together
 From the face of their Father, and died?

Nay, sometimes they smiled in their sorrow,
 As they toiled in the sweat of their brow,
 Such a smile as the Angels might borrow,
 As they feel Thy forgiveness, and bow;
 And the wife and the husband to-morrow
 Shall be pure as their Saviour and Thou!

But sweet as the odours of Edom,
 When purged from their sorrow and pain,
 As they roam in the joy of their freedom,
 Comes the sound of the *children's* refrain;
 As a pledge of His promised redemption,
 And the wilderness blossoms again!

E. H. W. Meyerstein.

E. H. W. Meyerstein is another of the Oxford poets who has found a place in that coveted series 'Adventures All.' The title is *The Witches' Sabbath* (Blackwell; 2s. net), and three-fourths of the volume is occupied with the dramatic poem which gives the book that title. It can be neither quoted nor described. The world, the flesh, and the devil are all in it; the only absentee is God. But here is God also, in this short poem near the end, and very impressively:

THE BUILDING.

All souls are clay save One that rears
 Each in gradation to the sky
 Until the shapen whole appears
 A rapture in Eternity.

Clay's dead, yet bears alive and quick
 A seed that in the kiln expands,
 Warming the substance into brick
 Before it touch the mason's hands.

Such bricks throughout the building serve
 For wall and ceiling, arch and stair
 And dome whose imperfect curve
 Sits like an eagle on the air.

Each doth his portion due sustain,
 Nor shall as first or last be known,
 The merest parapet doth reign
 Co-equal with the cornerstone.

And each a different hue bewrays
 Until the sacred work be done,
 When all that now perplex the gaze
 Shall gleam indissolubly one.

The angels then shall dance around
 Upon the sealing of the dome,
 And welcome with eternal sound
 The Master to his breathing home.

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